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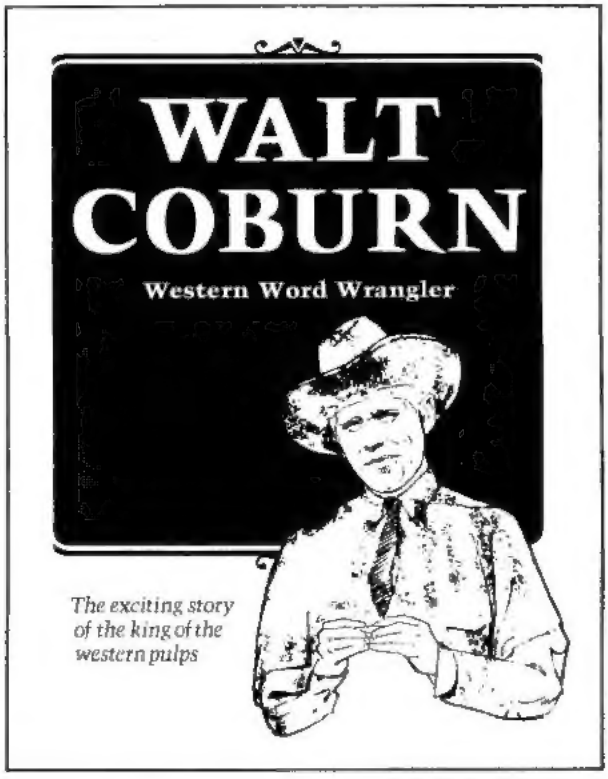

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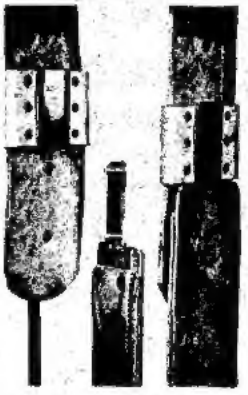

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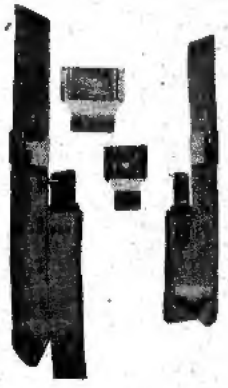

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

March-April, 1978
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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Grandee
Ambush!

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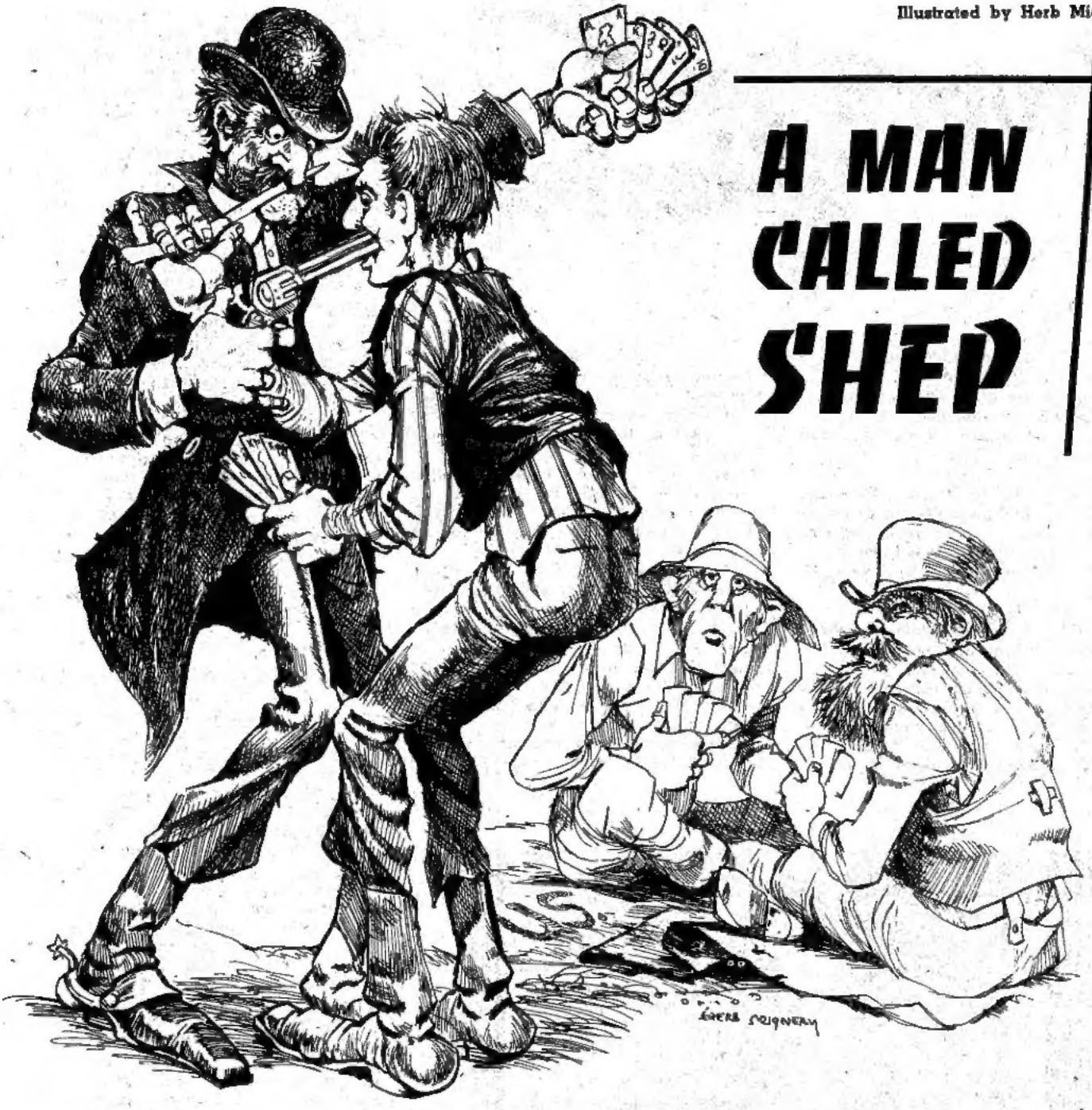
A MAN CALLED SHEP



ONE day my brother Wayne and I took a little drive and stopped by Shep's house. We didn't bother to honk, since six to eight dogs Shep referred to as "high class" wolfhounds were adequate announcers of our presence. Shep came out of the house, avoided the gate and, with one hand placed atop a yard fence post, he cleared the enclosure "backwards"—or, hind-end and heels going over with inches to spare rather than the conventional roll-hop that us country folks used to clear most any type fence. There was that always present cordiality in Shep's voice when he invited, "Git out and come in!"

Wayne replied, "We haven't got but a minute, Shep. You're acting a mite sprite this morning."

"Nothing a'tall," Shep replied, referring to his fence-hopping technique. "Why I used to run ahead of the dogs for the first hour!"

Shep was an ordinary country man with extraordinary talents at telling stories. He had another plus factor that was never discussed, perhaps because it left us in great awe. From the time we were grade-school kids right on up to manhood we considered it as a God-given talent and let it go at that. Shep could clear his throat and spit at the same time.

You may think that's trivial upon first glance, but just try it sometime! Most story telling and visiting was done outside if the weather was pretty. Generally, in order to have your full attention just before making a point, Shep would give out with a sort of "hock-tu!" and the resulting accuracy of this spittle projectile was something to behold! The fact that it was done with one quick motion and that he could knock a gnat off a dog's tail at a distance of twelve feet was not something to be taken lightly in those days!

Another one of Shep's incomparable talents was his throat-clearing rite. It was slow, and executed with such finesse that it is absolutely impossible to describe its rolling-off-forcefulness in the written word. Some people think that clearing the throat is a simple matter. You only had to hear Shep's performance one time to realize that nothing

(Continued on page 51)

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Truly Western

A. J. Dutton, Fiddler

The June 1977 issue of *True West* ran some pictures under the heading "Do You Know These Folks?"

The number one picture was not identified in any way. It is my grandfather, Andrew Jackson Dutton. He was better known as Blind Dut Dutton. He was a great fiddler and played for many dances and concerts all over Arkansas and East Oklahoma. He has been dead about sixty years. He is buried at War Eagle, Arkansas.

His only living children are Belle Moore, 89, of Locust Grove, Oklahoma and James Dutton of Rogers, Arkansas. Mrs. Moore recognized his picture immediately when she opened the magazine.

I enjoy your magazines and look forward to their arrival each month.—Lloyd L. Dutton, 10470 N. Lynn Circle, Apt. A, Mira Loma, California 91752

John Banister

When I read the story, "Terror to the Rustlers," in the December 1977 issue, it turned my memories back to the very early part of this century when I met the great Ranger and lawman John R. Banister. I had heard my dad talk many a time about his exploits. He used to say Banister always got his man. I think he was what my dad always wanted to be but never got the chance.

At that time we lived in Santa Anna, Texas. Dad and Mother always kept two or three milk cows. That was practically our living—milk and butter. It was always mine and my brother's job to graze the cows up and down the county roads. There weren't any cars to bother us and only a few buggies and wagons. That couldn't be done now.

Banister lived about two miles west of Santa Anna. There I suppose he had homesteaded. Anyway, we were out near his house grazing the cows when he came by in a buggy and stopped and talked to us boys a while. I wish I could remember what he said but after over sixty years my memory fails me on that subject, or I was too excited.

We went in early that day to tell Dad we had seen the great man. I only wish I could remember the stories I heard about his catching badmen, but it is too late now.

Banister has a daughter, Mrs. Leona Bruce, living near Santa Anna now.

I also can remember living in Brownwood, Texas. My Grandfather Parsons had a grocery store on what is the southwest corner of Commerce Square. That is all paved now, but in many seasons I have seen wagons go along there nearly hub deep in mud. When I pass Commerce Square now, an old-time moving picture passes before my eyes and I can once again see those old wagons and buggies rolling along. At that time a big hay field was there. There was a big hay barn, where you would find us kids, about where Safeway now is. For the two years we lived in Brownwood I can't remember ever seeing a car.—N. A. Parsons, Route 2, Box 259, Bangs, Texas 76823

☆ ☆ ☆

I knew John Banister from a way back yonder. To me he was *Mister* Banister, and he was *everything* and more than the article indicates. During the early years of this century there was a heavy movement of cattle from Central and West Texas to grazing lands in the North. At that time he was a field brand inspector for the Cattle Raisers of Texas. I first saw him in 1903 at Brady, and then at Brownwood and Coleman. He was without a doubt the best brand man I ever saw. In the area of Brown, Coleman and McCulloch Counties, he knew the brand of every Association member. If there was any doubt in his mind, he carried a book listing all ear marks and brands of every Association member in the State of Texas and some of the border states. When he looked over a herd of cattle it would be safe to say that they had been inspected. If the long hair of an animal obscured the brand, he carried a pair of small shears and he would have the animal roped and he would shear away the long hair to where he could easily trace the scar made by the branding iron.

The two supporting photos of him show him in a white shirt with a black bow tie. That mode of dress was traditional with him. I never saw him dressed any other way.

Besides the field men, the Association maintained inspectors at all the principal market centers and for a while Mr. Banister was stationed in Kansas City. I never saw much of him until after he returned from Oklahoma. His home was in Santa Anna, in Coleman County and after years of being in first one place and another, most of the time away from his family, he returned to Coleman and was easily elected sheriff of the county. He died in office of a heart attack.

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He was a dedicated lawman. Prior to working as a brand inspector, he served with the Texas Rangers. Even while working as an inspector he would assist the local officers in any dangerous situation that might arise. I doubt if there will ever be another like him.—Walter Gann, 1285 East Washington Avenue, El Cajon, California 92020

Back Together Again

I want to thank C. Ray Boston for an article he wrote in the October, 1975 issue of *True West* entitled "The House in Moncus Canyon."

You talk about *dim* trails still visible. A distant cousin in California sent me a copy of that story and I took it up from there. The end result was a 1,400-mile trip to the Tucumcari area and back.

Our grandfather, G. B. Moncus, killed at the end of the Civil War, caused Grandma Moncus and six young children to leave Alabama via Waco to Moody, Texas in a covered wagon in 1870. After a few years the boys moved in different directions—to pioneer the West and to homestead land. Some of the children of one of those boys are still living today. I met for the first time Herman Moncus of Tucumcari, New Mexico. He is now eighty years old, and his brother is Claude Moncus, ex-sheriff of Quay County, New Mexico. Their sisters are May, Maude, and Ima (all mentioned in the story).

I want to thank *True West* and C. Ray Boston for that story, otherwise the split in our family would have been lost forever in a few years. It opened a new chapter in our lives. That country has changed very little since the "Land of the Buffalo Hunt," so the Indians called it Tucumcari.—C. Moncus Field, 2101 Reuter Ave., Waco, Texas 76708

Cumberland Roots

Could you give us a reprint permission on the Ludwig Fischer piece (October 1977 issue of *True West*)?

Mr. Fischer, the article states, was an early supporter of the Perry, Kansas Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Such information is no longer available to us and when we encounter it—well, we thank God for it.

The article would be of great interest to our readers. Roots are important to Cumberland Presbyterians. Our magazine is the official missions journal of the denomination indicated above. Your approval would be appreciated.—Dudley Condron, Editor, *The Missionary Messenger*, Board of Missions, Cumberland Presbyterian Church, P. O. Box 4149, Memphis, Tennessee 38104

Another Bank That Didn't Close

Please refer to page forty-eight of the October 1977 issue and the last sentence of the article, "The West's First Subway." It states that Eureka's Farmers and Merchants Bank " . . . was the only bank in the entire nation to stay open."

There was a bank run by the Johnston brothers in the small town of Dufur, Wasco County, Oregon which never closed. It was a family affair and had no Federal money deposited in it. FDR could not control it and it served as the only bank for many miles around. Some accounts from several hundred miles away transferred to this small operation.—Calvin C. Cooper, 5606 N.E. 34th Ave., Portland, Oregon 97211

And Another!

I would like to comment on the John Mantz article in the October 1977 issue of *True West* entitled, "The West's First Subway." Out East here, the Dart National Bank of Mason, Michigan never closed its doors. Tally at least three now that didn't close. The original Dart bank was organized early in this century, bearing a strong influence in the agricultural community it serves.—Fred T. Gasche, 1811 Osband Ave., Lansing, Michigan 48910

Walter Yates and Blackie

I was going through some of my back issues and read your editorial in the June 1976 issue of *True West* about Walter Yates. It was quite a story. There aren't too many men who would do that.

I really don't think he was too nutty to live that way at all. I just think he has the mind and heart of Jim Bridger.

You also said that you would keep tabs on him but I haven't heard anything of him yet. I am also looking forward to more news from Hood River Blackie.

Even if your books went up to $5.00 a copy I guess I would find a way to buy them if it meant eating beans the rest of my born days.—W. S. Beach, General Delivery, Orofino, Idaho 83544

Walter Yates got back home safely and the last we heard he was trying to get all his film together. He suffered no ill effects from his Alaskan winter; in fact, he'd like to go back.

Blackie is presently in Washington State—or he was when the March *Frontier Times* went to press. We carried a letter from him.

Tramp Miners

Even without reading the article by Hood River Blackie I could never forget the tramp miners that used to hang out in the old Spokoma Hotel until it was destroyed during urban renewal in the city of Spokane. I also worked as night clerk in the old Chicago Hotel on Spokane's Main Street in the 1960s, and several miners would spend a few days with us from time to time.

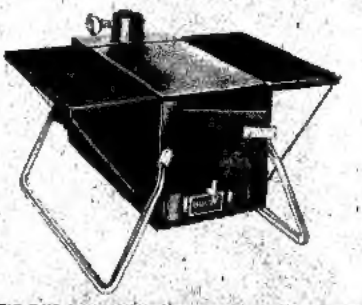
The night clerk at the old Ohio Hotel about that time was a retired miner from Butte who seemed to collect friends from the Northwest that I would call "tramp miners." Most were elder citizens living on small pensions in the dungeon-like hovels that made up the backrooms along a very dark tunnel-corridor in that very old house of ill repute.

Rates were 50¢ a night, and most rooms had a bunk, a gas plate, and a slop can. Once a month when the checks came, the rent was paid, other debts were settled, and then havoc began.

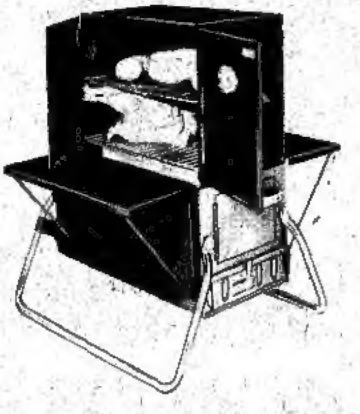
As I recall there was a Blackie that often visited a doctor friend in Belling-

(Continued on page 38)

BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



the RAEMCO 7in1



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Below, the great Kiowa Chief, Gui-page, or "Lone Wolf," who died in 1879 during a malaria epidemic.

The KIOWA RAIDERS of RAINY MOUNTAIN

IN the first place, it is not a mountain at all. It is a smooth, round-topped, grass-covered hill, about two hundred feet high. It sits apart from the Wichita Mountain Range, in the Kiowa Nation in Western Oklahoma, about nine miles southwest of present-day Mountain View.

But there is one thing about little Rainy Mountain: The Kiowas have used it as a gathering place ever since they left their old home in the Black Hills and along the Yellowstone River before 1800. They have camped along Rainy Mountain Creek, which flows below it, and the mystic magic of Rainy Mountain was such that if the Kiowas needed rain for spring grass for their great herds of fine horses, they knew that if they camped there, the rains would quickly come.

The Kiowas, Comanches, and Kiowa-Apaches claimed the southern Great Plains. Today that would cover western Oklahoma, the Texas Panhandle, and the easternmost part of New Mexico. They would have never dreamed of living in and controlling this vast area from

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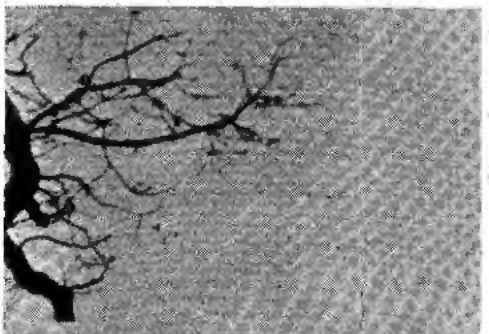
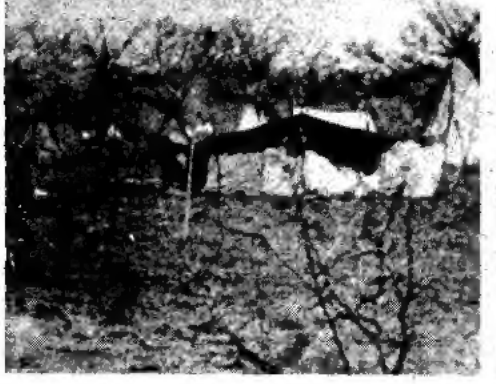


By LEE E. ECHOLS

Photos Provided by Author
Courtesy Fort Sill Museum

Oh, how their horses did run! And oh, how the blood did flow!

Lone Wolf's camp on Rainy Mountain Creek in the fall of 1870. Photo believed to have been taken by the famous Fort Sill photographer, William S. Soule.



the Arkansas River to the headwaters of the Red River, but for one thing. When the Spanish Conquistadores waded ashore in the New World, they brought land transportation with them in the form of the horse.

As the Spanish moved southward and westward into Florida, New Mexico, and Texas, many of these horses through barter and theft became the property of the Indians, and this gave the Kiowas, and their friends, the Comanches, the incentive and the means to leave their old homes in the Dakota Territory and move to the southern Great Plains area which, because of the great distances involved, would have been unthinkable without the horses.

Back before the long trek was made toward Rainy Mountain, George Catlin, famous artist and author of *North American Indians*, described the Kiowas as being a "much finer looking race of man than either the Comanches or the Pawnees." He said they were tall and erect, with an easy and graceful gait, and that they spoke a language distinct from the others. He told of a Kiowa, Kots-a-to-ah, the Smoked Shield, who was near seven feet tall, and could run a buffalo down on foot and slay it with his knife or his lance as he ran by its side.

From the early 1800s, the Kiowas made many enemies among the tribes inhabiting the southern Great Plains. They fought with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, who commanded the region along the Canadian River north of the Kiowas. They fought with the Osages and the Utes, and in between they took war parties deep into Texas, and even on into Mexico. They were horse-thieves, kidnappers, wagon-burners and scalp-snatchers, and the constant fear of the Kiowa raiders kept Texas from doing much expanding for years after the Civil War.

Early in 1840 the Kiowas, Comanches and the Kiowa-Apaches made a peace-alliance with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and with this loosely formed organization of furious, unsubdued warriors, they constituted an exceptionally dan-

Above, Kiowa brave in war dress. This is Chay-nee-theh. Note wrist guard on left arm. This prevented the bow-string or arrow from burning the arm after release.

Below, four wizened old Kiowa chiefs. From left, Poor Buffalo, Big Tree, Komalty, and Lone Wolf. Photo taken about the time Big Tree made a lunge at the author's dog in an effort to bag the animal for dinner. They were having a bit of fun with a wide-eyed youngster.

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gerous union in their depredations against the Texans, the Mexicans and settlers throughout their vast territory, and the wagontrains loaded with emigrants moving westward.

By that time, the Kiowas had more horses per person than any other Plains tribe. They learned animal husbandry by trial and error, and of course, stole horses by the hundreds from Texas and Mexico. They bartered for others, and always had the fleetest, best trained mounts on the Plains. They traded them for wives, ate them when the buffalo began to disappear, and were more than generous with them as gifts.

When the Kiowas got the horses, it gave them free operations in their key business, which was raiding into Texas and Mexico, stealing horses and mules, murdering people who opposed them, and taking captives for hostages or slaves. The braves took on as wives, many of their women captives, particularly young Mexicans and Mexican Indians. Several white girls were raised within the tribe and later married warriors, knowing no other language than Kiowa. The bravest of the captive children were trained and, when they reached young manhood, were allowed to accompany the raiders on their forays against the Texans, Mexicans, emigrant trains, and later against the soldiers. However, few of their deeds of bravery were brought down by word of mouth to their progeny, as only the exploits of the pure-blooded Kiowas were made a part of their history. There were a few exceptions to this rule, such as the vicious and fearful Quetón, stolen in Mexico by the Comanches and later bartered to the Kiowas.

Of all the Plains Indians, the Kiowas were undoubtedly the fiercest, and my earliest recollections are of some of these old warriors.

MY FATHER and his three younger brothers moved into the Indian Territory before it became a state and they leased land which had been allotted to the Kiowas by the government. They raised cattle and some feed in the bottom lands, and most of their operations were along Sugar Creek, which ran about three miles east of Rainy Mountain Creek and emptied into it just before it joined the Washita River at Mountain View.

My father's first leases were from an Indian named Sah-tau-koy—known, however, throughout the Kiowa Nation an "Long Horn." He was not a true Kiowa, but had been kidnapped by them as a baby in Mexico. He was either a Mexican or a Yaqui Indian, and his features were certainly those of an Indian. He was a slight little man, and according to the Kiowa rolls in Anadarko, he was born in 1843, which would have made him seventy years old when I first remember him around 1913.

Long Horn spoke little English, but he certainly couldn't be faulted for not trying. He had about half an acre of alfalfa, which must have been a volunteer crop, as Long Horn would no more have thought of planting it and tending it than he would of living in the nice

Above, little Rainy Mountain, as seen from the bridge spanning Rainy Mountain Creek.

house the government had built for him. He preferred a tipi in the back yard.

Long Horn came over to see us about his alfalfa crop one morning and we could see by the expression on his wrinkled face that he was very concerned. He pointed to his alfalfa patch. "Big cow," he said. "Moo moo! Dol-folty, all gone!"

Another time he came over to borrow a brace-and-bit. He thought this one over quite a while, and began going through the motions of using one. When this didn't register, his face finally lit up as he thought of the right words. "Borey-holey, borey-holey!" he said, and my father had no trouble understanding that.

As we were about to have lunch—or dinner, as we called it—Mother invited him to share it with us. She had cooked up a roast of beef and some pinto beans. Long Horn knew how to get after the meat. He'd pick it up with both hands and cram it in his mouth. But the beans had him stumped, at least temporarily. He finally took his knife, balanced one bean at a time on the blade, placed it in his mouth and nibbled on it between his front teeth like a red squirrel.

My maternal grandfather, Scipio Hughes, came to visit us about 1914. He was a half-breed Cherokee, and had served a two-year hitch in the Texas Rangers during the late seventies. Through Long Horn's son, Eddie Long Horn, who spoke English, they were able to talk with each other. As it turned out, Long Horn said he had been on a buffalo hunt in 1878 with a band of Kiowas under the leadership of Sun Boy. He said that although they were deep in Texas, they were not on a marauding expedition, but that nevertheless they were attacked by a company of Texas Rangers. He said they lost three warriors and fourteen horses before they were able to get in the open and escape.

He gave the location of this fight, but as I was only seven years old at the time, I can't remember it. I do remember, however, that my grandfather's eyes lit up, and he told Long Horn that he was in the battle on the side of the Texas Rangers.

They laughed about it, and each described his part in it. Long Horn pointed at my grandfather, "You," he said, "pow, pow, pow!" and he stuck his arms out like he was holding a Spencer repeating rifle in his hands. "Me," he went on, "Whish, whish, whish!" and this time he was stretching the string and releasing it, of an imaginary ash bow.

My grandfather told us later that Long

Below, Zepko-ette, or "Big Bow," great-uncle of Parker McKenzie, and one of the most fierce of the Kiowa chiefs.

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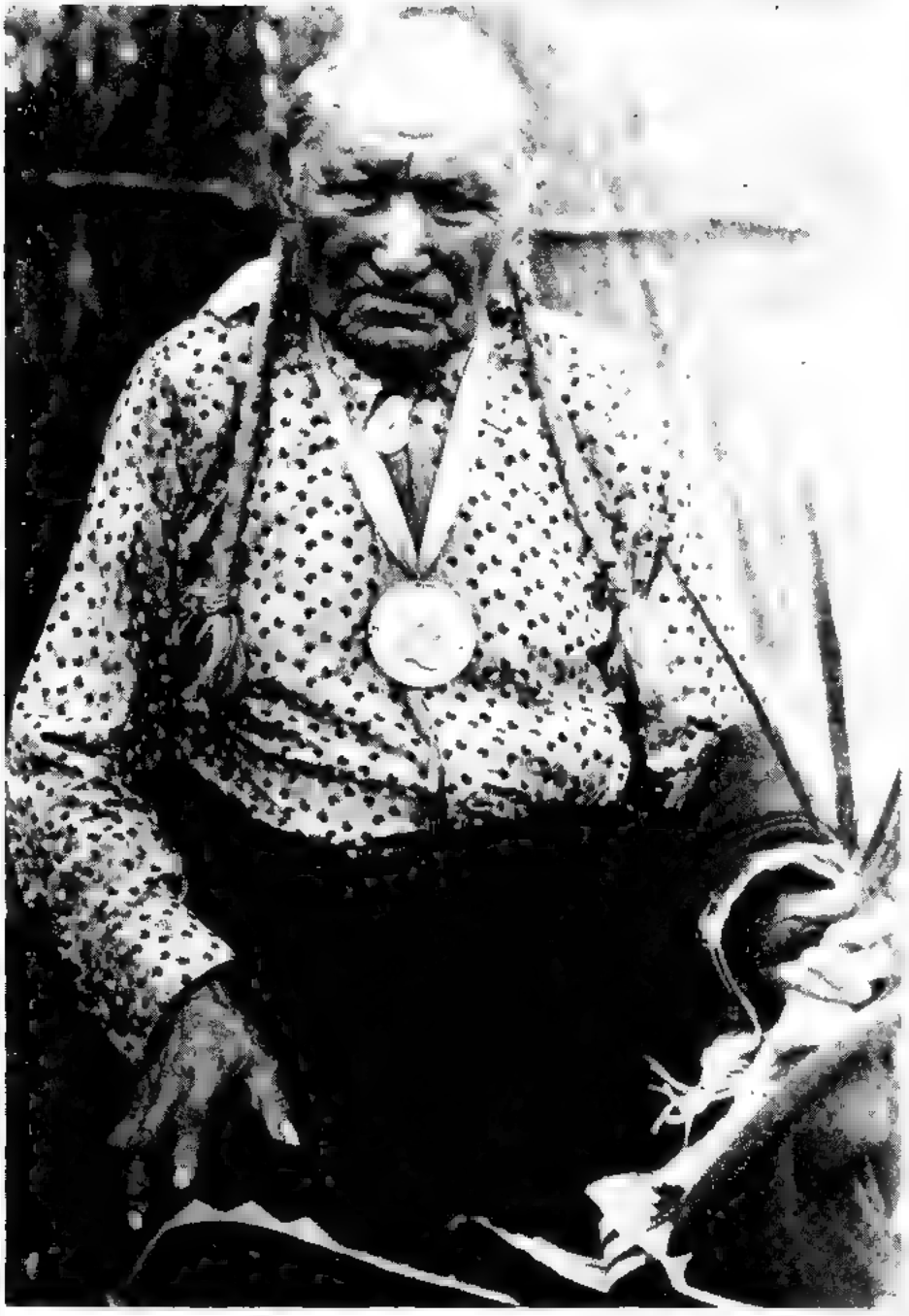


Above, Joshua Given, son of the Kiowa warrior Satank who, after singing his death song, attacked his guards on the way to Texas for trial, and was shot and killed by them.

Horn was throwing the long loop about the Kiowas being on a peaceful buffalo hunt. "Those fourteen horses we recovered were all stolen from a cow ranch near San Angelo ten days before," he said.

LONG HORN had an excellent cold-water spring which flowed all the time. One of the tasks assigned to my brother and me was to hook up a team of horses to a sled about twice a week, put two water barrels on it, and go down to Long Horn's spring and fill them up for our household use. One time a cowboy, riding up Sugar Creek, pulled up to the spring to water his horse. He rode him out into the spring, rolling and muddying it, and when Long Horn saw that, he vowed no white man would ever again have any of his spring water.

When my brother and I arrived with the water-barrels two days later, we saw Long Horn coming toward us in a dead-run from his tipi. "No water!" he was screaming at us. "Indian, yes! White man, no!" We were about ready to turn the sled around and flee back home, as we were only about eight and nine years old, and Long Horn's demeanor was such as would have frightened grown men out of their wits, but we saw Mrs. Long Horn coming from toward the tipi. She was carrying a length of heavy walnut stove wood, and when she reached her husband she hit him right between the shoulder blades with it. He turned and started running for the house and she clobbered him again, this time on the forehead, just above his right eye. This slowed him up a little, but he again high-tailed it for the house, and as fat as Mrs. Long Horn was, she ran up on him from behind and busted him again with the stick, this time right on top of the head.

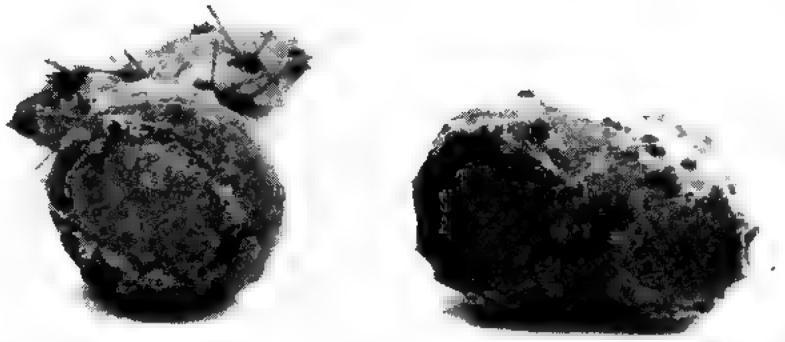
Then turning to us, she said, "You take all water you need!" And added, "Water mine, not Long Horn's! Now I go beat him some more!"

We commenced filling the barrels and when we were ready to leave with the water, Mrs. Long Horn was still chasing him around the tipi, whanging at him with the big piece of stove wood.

My father next leased land from another old Kiowa, Otis Sotai, several miles downstream from Long Horn's government allotment. All of the best bottom land had been allotted to the Kiowas in the hope they would farm it, but this was too degrading for those carnivores. Otis Sotai once said, "It would be too much work for our squaws. They work hard enough cutting wood and setting up the tipis."

In Colonel W. S. Nye's wonderful book, *Carbine and Lance*, about the Kiowas and Comanches and old Fort Sill, he quotes a Frenchman, M. Francois Marie du Lac, who explored the upper reaches of the Missouri at least two years before the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Du Lac wrote about his experiences in a book which had the unwieldy title of *Travels Through the Two Louisianas and Among the Savage Nations of the Missouri.*" In it he stated a self-evident truth which has never been successfully disproved. In speaking of the Kiowas he said, "These people may be conquered, but no power on earth can make them laborious cultivators, or artizans."

Below, Gotebo, an old Kiowa raider famous for his sense of humor and his love of horse racing.



Specimens of peyote, the hallucinogenic plant found in the limestone soils of the Chihuahuan desert of southern Texas and northern Mexico. The cactus buds contain mescaline, a powerful drug that would send the Kiowas on a psychic trip to find the Great God of the Grandmother Magic.

Otis Sotai lived less than half a mile from our home. The Indian Department had built him a three-bedroom abode, but like Long Horn—and for that matter, all the rest of them—he and his family lived in a huge tipi in the back yard.

Sotai was a great one for the old Kiowa beliefs and religious ceremonies. He went for the Ghost Dance, which had come into the Kiowa country about 1890, brought there by an Arapaho chief called Sitting Bull, who apparently was no relation whatever to the famous Teton Dakota chief of the same name, who had directed the Sioux onslaught at what the Indians called the Battle of Greasy Grass River, and the whites called Custer's Massacre at the Little Big Horn.

The government had put a stop to the Ghost Dance among the Plains Indians wherever they could, as it was felt the dance worked the Indians up to a frenzy which could possibly put them back on the warpath again against the whites. This Arapaho, Sitting Bull, had told them how the Ghost Dance could bring back all of the buffalo, bring back to life all the old Indian heroes, and promised that the whites would be driven into the sea.

Once or twice while we lived near Otis Sotai, he brought the Kiowas in and held the Ghost Dance, but usually—about every six months—he would have a big group of them over for a peyote ceremony.

It would be held in his huge tipi, in the back yard, after two or three Kiowas had returned from a long trip into Texas. They would bring back with them the means for the festival which would consist of a gunny-sack filled with the small cactus buds of peyote, the drug found in the limestone soils of the Chihuahua Desert of southern Texas and northern Mexico. Peyote contains the alkaloid mescaline which, when eaten by the Kiowas, started them on a "trip"

Below, a peyote tipi festival back in 1892, similar to those promoted by Otis Sotai 20 years later.

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Above, Tah-kone, or James Tahkone, a noted Kiowa peyote medicine man and song composer. On his left is Kea-ah-gom, or Mollie Moore, one of his wives. To her left is Hallie Moore, Tahkone's second wife, and sister to Mollie. The baby on the cradleboard is believed to be Vincent Tahkone, Mollie's child.

which could go on for several days.

Usually the first intelligence we would get of an impending peyote get-together in the tipi of Otis Sotai, was when the peyote wagon would show up, with dust all over the wagon-sheet and a pair of worn-out, hungry horses pulling it. Then the noted peyote medicine man, Tahkone, or James Tahkone, would arrive in his wagon, accompanied by his two beautiful wives, Kea-ah-gom, or Mollie Moore, a famous medicine woman, and her sister, Hallie Moore, Tah-kone's other wife.

Tah-kone was a tall, long-limbed man for a Kiowa, and carried himself very regally, as befitted his station in the tribe. He lived west of Anadarko, and always seemed to know of the arrival of the peyote bearers from Texas and Mexico.

After the arrival of the medicine man and his wives, others began to arrive, and by evening, twenty-five or thirty ranking Kiowas and their squaws were in the tipi.

ABOUT eight o'clock in the evening, the great Kiowa war drums would begin their monotonous beat: "BOOM boom boom boom, BOOM boom boom boom!" with several of the squaws working with the beaters. By about ten, the mescaline drug would have begun its exhilarating effect, and the men would commence their dance around the inside of the huge tipi. "Hey-ya, hai-ya, hey-ya, hai-ya!" they would intone, and from then on there seemed to be no end to it. When one of the squaws would tire, another one would take her place at the war drum, and the somber beat kept my brother and me staring at the ceiling all night long, wondering if the dreaded drug would be of sufficient potency to send the wild Kiowas out searching for our scalps.

After about the second day and night of the festival, when the monotone of "Hey-ya, hai-ya, hey-ya," had been broken by loud war-whoops, the Indians, wrapped in sheets, would walk out onto the hills surrounding the tipi, searching for the Great God of the Grandmother Magic, to talk about the problems of the tribe. Then they would go back into the tipi and the ritual would continue.

Finally the drums would die out—usually in the early morning of the third or fourth day. Then the squaws would cook up as many yellow-and-black terrapins as the children had been able to locate during the two or three weeks prior to the beginning of the festival. As no one had eaten during the entire ceremony, everyone always appeared ravenous, and the half-baked terrapins were torn into with great glee.

On one of these occasions, my brother and I had saddled our horses about six in the morning to go move some cattle from one pasturage to another, when we suddenly noticed the drums had become silent. We decided we'd ride over to the tipi of Otis Sotai and see how the Indians had survived the three-day marathon.

As we arrived, with our fat collie dog, Yippy, running along with us, we saw three huge Indian chiefs whom we recog-

Below, Pau-kau-sah, or "Rainy Mountain Charlie," a full-blood Kiowa.

Satanta, or "White Bear," who was convicted with Big Tree in the assassination of seven wagon drivers in the Warren wagon train massacre.

The great Kiowa chief Ado-ete, or "Big Tree."

Kiowa chief Tene-Angopte, known as "Kicking Bird," once a ferocious warrior and raider. He was one of the first of the old-time Kiowas to realize his people's best interests and became an arbitrator between the Army and the Kiowas.

ized as Komalty, Gotebo and Big Tree, standing in front of the tipi. They were bedraggled looking, with red-rimmed eyes, and Big Tree's hair had become unbraided. Gotebo, the only one with a feather in his hair, brought out spontaneous laughter from my brother and me, as the shaft of his feather had broken and was lying forlornly over his right eye.

Yippy moved ahead of us to smell the huge, fragrant Indians, and when he got close enough, Gotebo with a move so fast it was impossible to follow, snaked his hand out from under his blanket and grabbed Yippy by the collar.

"Me hungry!" Gotebo bellowed at us, "Give you two dollars for this fat dog!"

My brother and I, scared completely out of our wits, whirled our horses and put the spurs to them, calling for Yippy to follow. He jerked free of Gotebo, and as he moved past Big Tree, that worthy dived at him, missed, and fell on his fat belly in the dust. We got about fifty yards away from the tipi, Yippy leading the way, before we turned in our saddles to look back. All three of the big Indians were laughing uproariously and slapping their legs.

Gotebo was a big, good-natured man, and was probably one of the best liked of the Kiowas whom I knew as a boy, both by whites and the Indians. In fact, he was so well liked they named a town after him, seven miles west of Mountain View, and although now it is almost a ghost town, how many of us have had that distinction?

He was quite a race horse man, and a story had come down about him—how he and his brother-in-law, Big Tree, had engineered a horse race between the best of the Kiowa horses and one which belonged to the cowpunchers who worked on the cattle ranches below the North Fork of the Canadian, in what was later Greer County just north of the Kiowa reservation.

The race was matched at the trading store run by Charley Cleveland and his brother, Will, and on the day of the race, at least 150 Kiowas arrived. They were all armed and they brought with them goods to bet on the race which ran from blankets, beaded moccasins and gauntlets, to horses and mules.

The cowboys showed up too, more of them than the Kiowas, and they too were all armed. They brought money, saddles, boots, spurs, horses and even beef cattle for the wager, and the betting—and the tension—rose high. It became feared that the race would end up in a gun battle, as the Indians and whites had paired off, one-on-one, making their individual bets. They wagered money, horses, saddles, bridles, firearms, clothing, beef cattle—everything each side had brought with them.

Excitement rose higher and higher, and when the two horses finally left the barrier, it was a stand-off as to who yelled and screamed the loudest, the cowboys or the Kiowas. At the finish line, the horses were so close together that both parties claimed victory was theirs.

Everybody started scrambling for the spoils, jerking and grabbing at the wagers, and it looked as though hell, in its strictest sense, would break loose. The judges, however, fired a pistol in the air, and announced that the cowboy horse had won. The Kiowas wouldn't accept

Kiowa squaws butchering their government issue of beef.

this and continued their wrestling for the wagers until finally, Gotebo, Big Tree and a few others of the Kiowa chiefs, together with some soldiers who were there from Fort Sill, got the fighting and tussling stopped.

It was agreed that the race would be run again and this seemed to satisfy all hands. After a couple of hours' rest, the race was re-run, and although the Indian jockey, Dom-ai-te, the son of Big Bow, tried to cut in front of the cowboy horse, he couldn't bring it off, and the white man's horse came out in front, although again, the race was very close.

Gotebo and Big Tree asked that the Kiowas be given a chance to get even by holding another race in the spring the following year. This was agreed to, but the cowboys demanded that the race track be staked off with lanes and that each horse must stay within his lane, or he would forfeit the race.

During the winter the cowboys pooled their money and bought a horse named Corn Stalk, the current southwest Texas champion.

Gotebo and Big Tree learned about the cowboys' acquisition and went quickly to the Caddo reservation to talk with "Caddo Bill" Williams.

Caddo Bill was a white man, married to a Caddo, and he had brought several excellent horses out of Kentucky which he kept on his ranch at Verden.

Big Tree and Gotebo put up a pitiful tale to Caddo Bill, and he finally agreed to lend them his good half-mile horse, of Steel Dust breeding, Tom Thumb.

"However," he told them, "many of the cowboys know this horse and if they set eyes on him, there'll be no race. You take him back to Rainy Mountain and put a wagon-sheet over him. Don't even tell any of the Kiowas who he is."

Gotebo and Big Tree agreed to this, and althought they did tell the Kiowas they had a horse who should be able to outrun Corn Stalk, they didn't say who he was or let anyone see him.

The Kiowas' faith in Gotebo's judgment, however, was such that on the day of the race they again bet everything they had, down to their loin-cloths, and Tom Thumb rewarded them by winning the race by ten lengths. It was so decisive that there was no gun play or wrestling this time. The cowboys paid off and went home—some of them on foot and almost naked.

Big Tree had quite a history too. From the late sixties until the Kiowas laid down their arms, there was seldom a raiding party made up to go into Texas, New Mexico or Mexico but what Big Tree was either leading it, or along as a sub-chief with Satanta, Big Bow, Satank, Quetón, Long Horn, Poor Buffalo, Lone Wolf and Komalty. Big Tree lived eighty-eight years, having been born in 1841, and during the early cattle drives through the Indian Territory to the railroad towns of Kansas, Big Tree could always be found halting the drivers with his huge hand and demanding beeves from the foreman before they could cross his land.

He had a huge scar on the left side of his face, which began at his ear and ran along his jaw to the under part of his chin. I asked my father once how he had acquired this disfiguration, and was told that after the great cattle drives ended, whenever the red clay roads along Big Tree's property became too inundated from the rains for travel, even with buggies or wagons, Big Tree would let his fence down and allow them to cross through his pasture—for one dollar a vehicle.

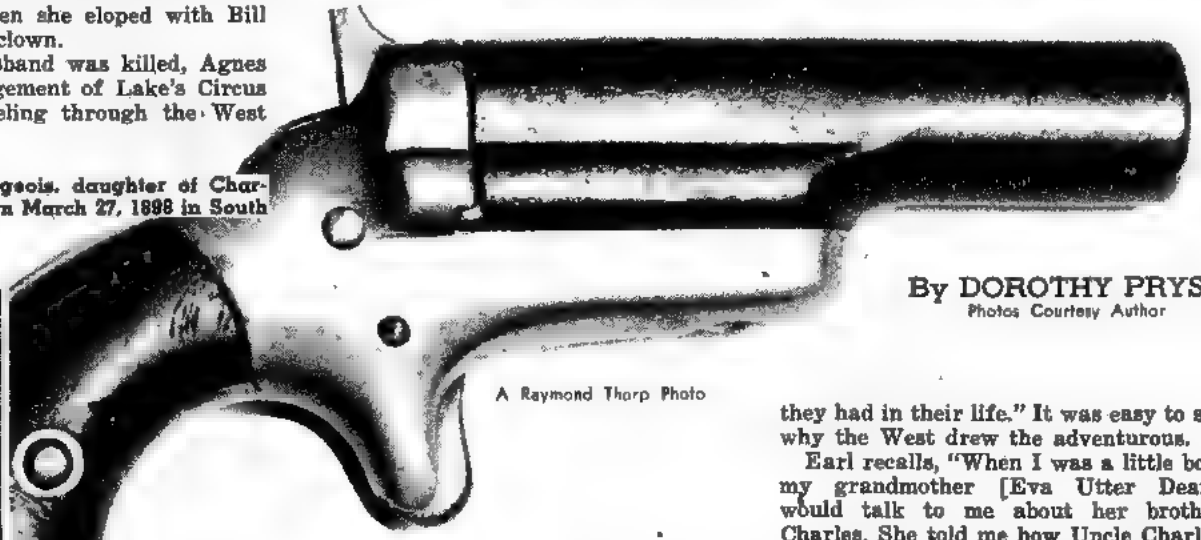
He said that on one such occasion, a young man named William Adkins and his bride came driving along in a new Studebaker wagon on their way to Boake's Store, near Rainy Mountain. They came to a place in the road which was too deep with water from the recent rains to cross, and Adkins turned the team and started driving them through Big Tree's pasture. They had gone about a hundred yards when Big Tree stepped out from behind a bois d'arc thicket and raised his hand, as he had years before, to the cattle drivers.

When Adkins pulled up his team, Big Tree demanded a dollar to drive on through. Adkins set the brake, jumped down off the spring-seat, pulled out his pocket knife and made a quick slash at

(Continued on page 41)

Above right, Sun Boy, a Kiowa chief who led Long Horn and others on a Texas raid where they fought Texas Rangers, among them being the author's grandfather. Below, on left is Sah-tope-ay-doh, or "Pipe Holder," daughter of Chief Satanta. On right is Big Tree's sister.

BILL HICKOK'S



A Raymond Tharp Photo

By DOROTHY PRYSE
Photos Courtesy Author

"WILD BILL" HICKOK is so closely associated with the West, it is easy to overlook the fact that he was born in Illinois, that some of his best friends were Easterners, and that he married a woman who grew up in Cincinnati, Ohio, Agnes Mersman Lake.

Agnes Mersman was born in Alsace, came to the United States when she was three, and lived in Cincinnati until she was sixteen, when she eloped with Bill Lake, a circus clown.

When her husband was killed, Agnes took over management of Lake's Circus and began traveling through the West with her acts. In her travels, she met Wild Bill, as well as other legendary figures of the Old West. They married in March 1876, in Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

Their honeymoon was spent in St. Louis, Missouri, followed by a few weeks in Cincinnati, where Bill became better acquainted with Agnes' daughter Emma. But Agnes could not hold Bill in Cincinnati. Restless by nature, he probably grew even more so when he read classified advertisements such as the one which appeared in the Cincinnati *Enquirer:*

BLACK HILLS
The Great and Only Black Hills Expedition

Buffalo Sam is now forming an Expedition for the Black Hills. One company of 150 men is already organized, and he now wants to fill another one of 150 men, to go out as soon as possible. All men wishing to go with BUFFALO SAM will call immediately at Indianapolis House, No. 102 Plum St.

Bill went to Cheyenne, spent a bit of time in the Black Hills, then returned to Cheyenne where he looked up his old pal, Charley Utter. Together they set out for Deadwood.

Charley Utter, known as "Colorado Charley," was born in Lewiston, New York, near Niagara Falls. As his great nephew, Dean Earl, of Columbus, Ohio, tells it, "The excitement in those days was a lot of daredevils at the Falls—they went over them in a barrel, walked across on high wires, tried to swim the rapids. That was the only excitement they had in their life." It was easy to see why the West drew the adventurous.

Earl recalls, "When I was a little boy, my grandmother [Eva Utter Dean] would talk to me about her brother Charles. She told me how Uncle Charley ran away from home when he was thirteen. He worked his way all along the railroad line going west. He worked in hotels, saloons, anything to make money."

Earl continued, "Soon's he'd make a little money, he'd go farther west. During that period his family didn't hear from him. They didn't know where he was.

Mabel Rich Bourgeois, daughter of Charley Rich, was born March 27, 1898 in South Lebanon, Ohio.

Above, Wild Bill's deringer, a Colt .41 caliber. Below, five of Charley Rich's six children. Left to right, Russell, Helen, Virgil, Mabel, and standing in front, May. Not present is Bill.

FRIENDS

An interview with kin of Charley Utter and Charley Rich, two pards who were in Deadwood when Bill's hourglass ran out of sand...

A Raymond Thorp Photo

He ended up working at a hotel in Denver, and became friendly with an old man who lived up on a hill and hired out as a guide to the people who came to the hotel.

"He took Charley in, taught him all he knew, treated him as a son. They had a cave and part of a log house, way up in the hills, and that's where they lived, so I've been told."

When the old guide died, Charley took over as guide. Earl said, "The first thing that happened, there was an Englishman and his sister who were looking for land in the West, and they got lost in that area.

"There was a tremendous snowstorm, but somehow Charley heard their cries for help. Being a woodsman, he was very alert to sounds. He brought them to his place, half-starved, in bad shape. He fed them, cared for them, and when they had recovered, he took them back down to the valley, to the hotel."

It paid off. These two had a carriage and a team of horses and they gave them to Charley for saving their lives. "Charley sold them and bought little donkeys, and with them he started his first pack train across the Rockies," said Earl.

"THEN he wrote to my grandmother —his sister—and told her what he had been doing, but there was a seven-year period in which there was no communication whatsoever.

"He told her how he had lived with the Indians for a while. He worked with the squaws, learned a lot about herbs, Indian medicines. He also got to learn more than one Indian language."

Earl continued, "Charley probably met Wild Bill while they both served as scouts. I don't know, but I do know Charley said he and Wild Bill and Calamity Jane owned a gold mine together, and it was profitable. I remember seeing a picture of the three of them, standing in front of a white tent." He does not know where the photo is today, which is a pity because any kind of business partnership between Hickok and Calamity Jane would have been highly unlikely.

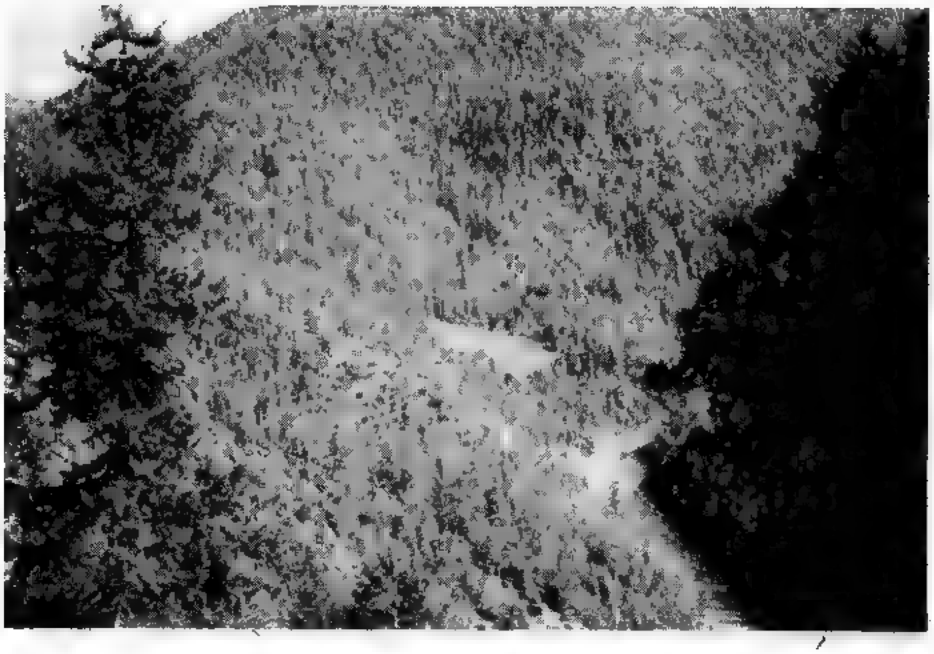
"According to my grandmother, Charley was considered quite a sharpshooter. He would throw a silver dollar in the air and shoot a hole through it. But he was never an outlaw, or a gunman. Charley was known as a very clean person."

One account reads, "He took a bath every morning." He was also known as a great cook, and he wore his hair long and curly and dressed in buckskins, much as Wild Bill did. Utter's life with the Indians taught him much of their ways.

Earl recalls his grandmother telling

(Continued on page 59)

At left, Wild Bill (on far left), Texas Jack (center), and Buffalo Bill Cody. Below, Alta Mowery Rich, wife of Charley Rich.



By DON BRIGGS
Photos Courtesy Author

I LIVE right in the middle of some of the wildest real estate in the entire country. When I retired from driving the gut-wrenching freeways and gas-filled canyons of the West Coast cities, I was more than ready to come back to the scene of my childhood on the old family place deep in the hills of the Illinois River wilderness.

As a child, with my father and brothers, I roamed this almost trackless area of the Siskiyou National Forest with its multitude of clean, sparkling, streams and vast reaches of virgin forest. (Even now, there is little of civilization's contamination.) The old-timers from the hills took particular delight in relating legends of the Indians, miners, trappers and prospectors who lived and died here. They trapped; they searched for gold; they lived with and among the Indians, often as accepted members of the tribes.

*** THERE'S STILL GOLD IN

— but it's not waiting for the lucky; it's waiting

Above, a view of the Briggs ranch from a high point on the trail. Below, the completed cabin, nestled at the foot of the mountain.

Many of them died alone and unmissed. Some of them were lucky, they struck it rich! This was back in the days just before, and after, the gold rush to California. These cautious individuals, afraid of causing a stampede into their private domain, would steal quietly out to Gold Beach, Grants Pass, Canyonville or Jacksonville and have a bang-up spree, spreading their bounty in the saloons, with gamblers and the ever-present girls, until it was gone. The ones who were smart enough to outfit again before they cut loose, sooner or later would quietly load up their donkeys or pack horses and slip out of town. Others, completely broke, would get a grubstake and without telling even their closest friends where they were going, would fade into the hills.

Some filed claims in the county seat. Most didn't. This indifferent attitude toward keeping records made it almost impossible to locate where some of the richest finds were made. Wise to the times, most of the old-timers would make

Above, the Briggs' homestead cabin, all hand-hewn.

OREGON

for the smart!

sure they were not followed. There were always men about, as there are now, who were adverse to getting theirs the hard way. They would follow an unwary man, then there would be a quick shot, a shallow grave, and no one would be the wiser.

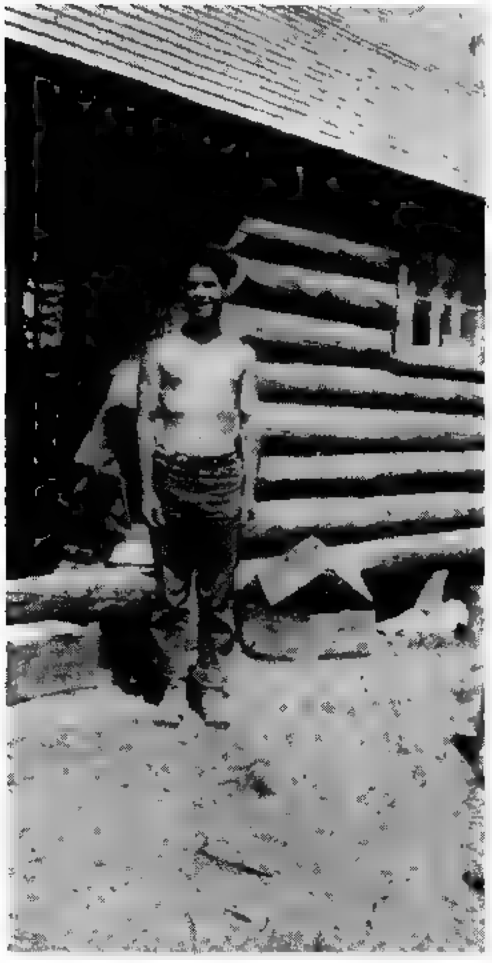
There is a certain thrill in living in a country with a history such as this. Everyone in these parts knows there is still as much gold here as was ever found; probably more. But where? The same is said of the Mother Lode country in California. Records there show that ten dollars was spent for every dollar's worth of gold recovered. This didn't apply to the men with experience, as a rule. It was mostly men from all walks of life who rushed to the scene of strikes literally expecting to pick up nuggets from the streambeds.

It's still there, though, in unexpected places. Rich deposits are yet to be discovered in by-passed veins of these abandoned mines, particularly in the countless little pockets of old stream beds. Who will eventually find it? I think most of it will be found by experienced men who have made a study of the geological lay of the country, men who have made a scientific study of the most logical formations where gold is to be found.

Gold is nearly always combined with other metals such as silver, lead and copper. In many instances it takes an expert to tell what is in an ore sample. Many important deposits have been passed over by amateurs just because they couldn't see any gold. This applies mostly to hardrock formations.

As far as placer gold is concerned, it can be found in almost any stream that runs through gold-bearing strata. A wise prospector knows just where to look for gold that is carried along in the beds of streams or rivers. Rich deposits have

(Continued on page 53)



At left, author Don Briggs in 1927, while helping with construction of the family cabin. Below, looking west down the valley towards the Illinois River gap.

THE MYSTERY OF PRANTY WASH

By LOIS PRANTE STEVENS

MY Uncle Fred vanished in 1879. The circumstances and mystery surrounding his disappearance intrigued me even as a child and eventually this curiosity led me, almost a hundred years after he disappeared, to the solution of not just one mystery, but two.

Christopher Frederick Prante, son of Ernist Henry Prante and Mary Charlotte Rahe, was born in Friendship, Indiana December 22, 1861. In November 1872 his father, my grandfather, committed suicide, leaving Mary Charlotte to raise ten children—the oldest a boy just over seventeen years of age; and the youngest, my father, but a few days past a year. Because of the stigma surrounding the suicide, Grandmother made plans to emigrate to Peru, Nebraska to be near her brother, Harmon Rahe.

Unable to leave the small children and the farm unattended, family legend says that she sent her two oldest boys, Henry and John, with money to buy land near Peru. Apparently she gave these two youths, both under twenty, too much responsibility. They did not go to Nebraska, but chose instead, again according to "word of mouth" family legend, to go to Louisville, Kentucky where they squandered their mother's money.

They returned home eventually, but empty-handed, and it was 1879 before Grandmother could sell her land and again make plans to leave for Nebraska.

My father, James Rotherd Prante, told me that she shipped their household goods by freight, then with nine of her ten children, took the train for Nebraska. He said that she left Frederick, her third oldest son, by then a lad just over seventeen, to drive the cattle across country and meet them in Peru.

Well, Frederick never got there. My father said they had no word of any kind; he just never arrived. They surmised that Grandmother again had given too much responsibility to a young boy and feared that he had met with foul play; perhaps robbers had stolen the cattle and he feared to arrive without them and had chosen not to come at all. At worst, they feared he might have been killed by the ones who robbed him. They did not know.

Years passed and they still did not know. My father died in 1947 with no inkling of the fate of his older brother. Of course, we all assumed long before that time that he must be dead, or someone in the family would have heard from him.

LATE in 1976 my interest and curiosity about Uncle Fred were rekindled when a cousin, Ernest Clary, wrote that he had found evidence which indicated that Frederick might not have been killed as a boy, after all, but had simply chosen to go his way alone. Ernest had been looking at a topographical map of Gila County, Arizona and came across a Pranty Wash. Further investigation turned up Pranty's Cabin adjacent to the Wash, and information that the nearby Keystone Mine had once been owned by Fred Pranty.

Even though Pranty was spelled with "Y" instead of "E," it piqued Ernest's interest and he wrote to the postmaster at Payson, where Fred Pranty must have received his mail. The postmaster referred him to Carrel Wilbanks of Globe, saying that the Wilbanks family had lived in the area in the early part of the century and were probably the only ones still alive who might have known Fred Pranty.

Carrel Wilbanks replied that yes, indeed, he had known Fred Pranty as a boy but that Fred had never mentioned any kinfolk, and he didn't know where Fred came from. He did, however, extend an invitation to come and talk to him if Ernest ever came to Globe.

During the winter of 1977 my brother Roscoe and I drove to Globe to check out old county records for some proof that this was "our" Uncle Fred, and if so, to seek an interview with Carrel Wilbanks. We did have Uncle Fred's signature from family papers and hoped to find a matching one on an old document. We found several mine location filings made by Fred Pranty in the 1890s, but they were recordings and, although handwritten, were in the handwriting of the recorder.

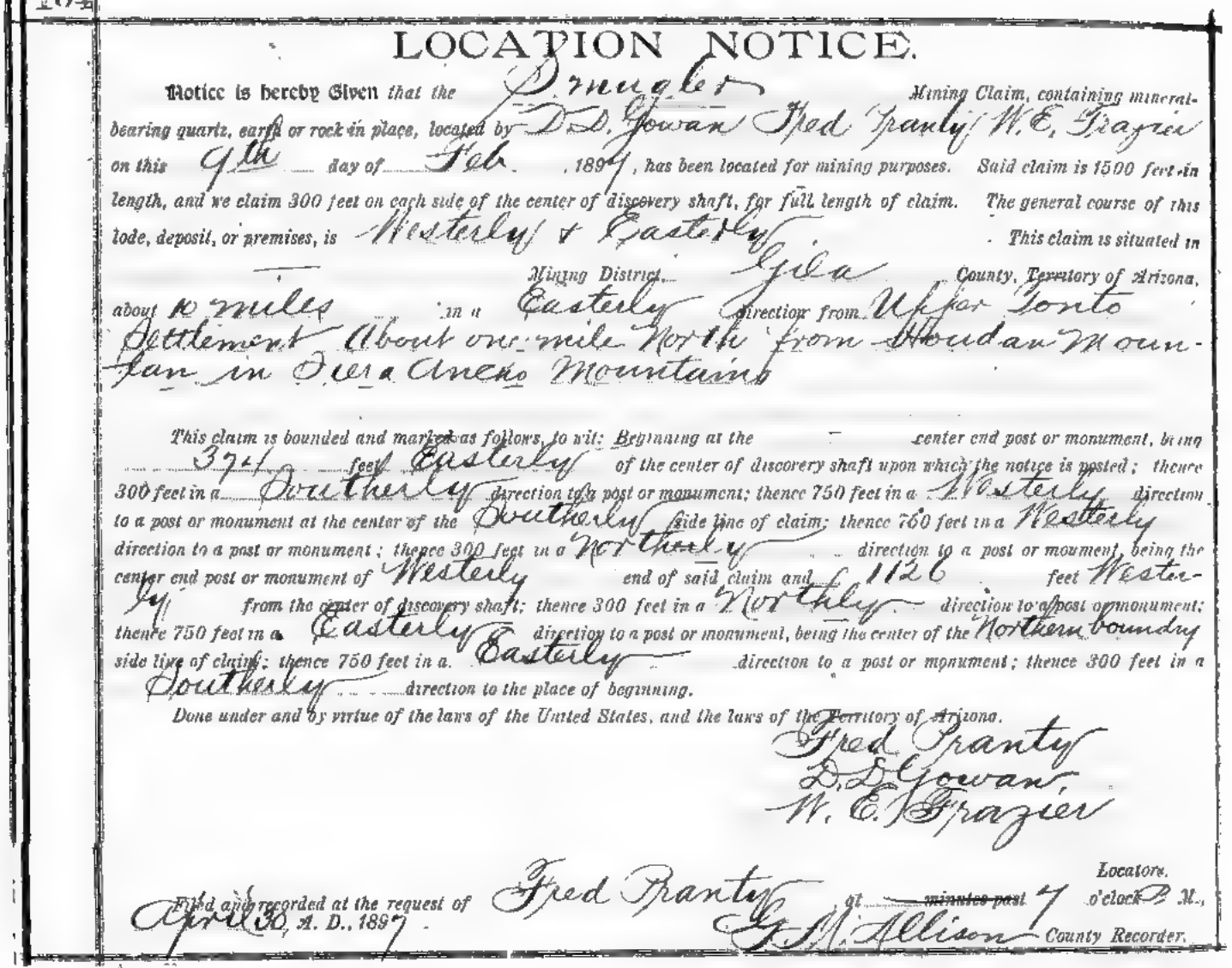
Then we had a bit of luck. In the Great Register of Gila County, we found Fred Pranty's registration to vote, dated October 17, 1892, and giving his birthplace

When the Lord made the West, He must have known there was going to be a big need for a

GREAT REGISTER.

NUMBER.	NAME.	AGE.	COUNTRY OF NATIVITY	LOCAL RESIDENCE
697	Packard Florence	42	Me.	Globe
698	Powers Frank H.	49	New Brunswick	"
699	Price Nathan H.	52	Me.	Globe
700	Payson James F.	25	N.H.	"
701	Payson Patrick	55	England	Pioneer
702	Packard William F.	42	Ohio	Reg.
703	Polley John F.	23	Mass.	"
704	Pranty Fred	20	Md.	Globe
	Payson N.H.	25	Utah	Pleasant Valley

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LOCATION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby Given that the Smuggler Mining Claim, containing mineral-bearing quartz, earth or rock in place, located by D.D. Gowan Fred Franty W.E. Frazier on this 9th day of Feb. 1894, has been located for mining purposes. Said claim is 1500 feet in length, and we claim 300 feet on each side of the center of discovery shaft, for full length of claim. The general course of this lode, deposit, or premises, is Westerly & Easterly. This claim is situated in Mining District Gila County, Territory of Arizona, about 10 miles in a Easterly direction from Upper Tonto Settlement About one mile North from Houdan Mountain in Sierra Ancho Mountains

This claim is bounded and marked as follows, to wit: Beginning at the center end post or monument, being 372 feet Easterly of the center of discovery shaft upon which the notice is posted; thence 300 feet in a Southerly direction to a post or monument; thence 750 feet in a Westerly direction to a post or monument at the center of the Southerly side line of claim; thence 750 feet in a Westerly direction to a post or monument; thence 300 feet in a Northerly direction to a post or mounment, being the center end post or monument of Westerly end of said claim and 1126 feet Westerly from the center of discovery shaft; thence 300 feet in a Northerly direction to a post or monument; thence 750 feet in a Easterly direction to a post or monument, being the center of the Northern boundry side line of claim; thence 750 feet in a Easterly direction to a post or monument; thence 300 feet in a Southerly direction to the place of beginning.

Done under and by virtue of the laws of the United States, and the laws of the Territory of Arizona.

Fred Franty
D.D. Gowan
W. E. Frazier

Locators.

Filed and recorded at the request of Fred Franty at ~~minutes past~~ 7 o'clock P M., April 30, A. D., 1894

G.M. Allison County Recorder.

Courtesy Author

place to be AWOL.....

Gila County, Arizona records provided some interesting clues to the whereabouts of Fred Franty [Prante].

GILA COUNTY, ARIZONA.

DATE	NATURALIZED PLACE	NATURALIZED BY WHAT COURT.	DATE OF REGISTRATION	SWORN	CANCELLATION.
			Sept 7th 92		
			7 "		
			Oct 15 92	"	
			" 15.92	"	
			By further naturalization		
			" 15 92	"	
			Sept 20.92	"	
			" 9.92	"	
			Oct 17.92	"	
			" 5 92	"	

as Indiana and his age as thirty years. This seemed like pretty heavy evidence; birthplace and age both correct, since he would not have been thirty-one until December 1892. True, the name still showed the "Y" instead of an "E," but knowing how many letters had come to me through the years spelled with a "Y" in spite of all my efforts to keep the spelling accurate, I did not concern myself too much with this deviation. He could have just given in to common usage.

With this much corroborative evidence we were eager to hear more from Carrel Wilbanks and arranged an interview. Carrel and his wife talked to us half an afternoon about the old days and in particular our Uncle Fred, as we now began to think of him. Carrel's description, "Soft spoken, medium build, fair complexion," fit the family heritage and strengthened our feeling of kinship.

Carrel told us that Franty's cabin and mine were only four or five miles from their ranch, that he had a cabin of cypress logs and that he mined a little, "just about enough to keep him in groceries—and never bothered nobody." He said Uncle Fred would go off on pros-

(Continued on page 59)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By JOE A. COLE
and
TERRY COLE
Photos Courtesy Authors

Charley Smith (1856-1882) Still Wears His

CHARLEY SMITH, sixteen years old, was about to do something he had been doing once a month since 1856 when he was born. One Sunday each month Charley went with his parents, four brothers and four sisters, to the Hardshell Baptist Church thirty miles to the south. They lived at Blackjack Springs in Fayette County, Texas.

The country was open range. There were no fences. They traveled cross-country and where there were no roads they made their own. Usually they left on Saturday to make the seven-hour trip. The older boys and girls rode horseback and the younger children rode in the wagon with their parents, Jack and Polly Smith. Today Charley rode in the wagon. A horse had fallen on him the week before and he was carrying a crutch made from a forked hickory limb.

Charley's maternal grandfather, Steve Scallion, had established the church and cemetery and was a deacon. On "church" Sunday he and his wife Mary always rode to church on a slide pulled by a yoke of oxen and driven by an ex-slave.

Two of his sons, Frank and Newt, also lived in the vicinity of Hardshell Church with their families. After services and dinner on the grounds, all the boys went to a swimming hole on Mulberry Creek.

A first cousin of Charley's rode his horse into the creek, splashing water on Charley who was lying on the bank under a shade tree. Angered at having his Sunday clothes ruined, Charley struck his cousin over the head with his hickory-stick crutch. Perhaps the two boys hadn't gotten along well in the past, or perhaps it was just a moment of anger; either way, Charley's first cousin was dead.

Charley Smith (right) and Pete Edward (?), around 1881.

This incident caused hard feelings between the families, so it was decided that Charley should be sent to live with his father's half-brother Joe Murray in Tennessee. While in Tennessee Charley attended school and got what could be called a good education for the times.

AFTER four years in Tennessee he returned to Blackjack Springs. But it wasn't long before he became restless with home life, and drifted to South Texas where he worked as a cowboy around Cotulla and later, Laredo.

At age twenty-three Charley killed a man in Webb County in a gunfight. He was arrested by Texas Rangers and jailed in Laredo. His father Jack borrowed a fine stallion from his son-in-law, G. W. Cole, and almost killed the horse making tracks for Laredo, where he hired a lawyer for his son. The lawyer persuaded Charley to plead self-defense and got him acquitted.

When Charley was released from jail, Captain L. H. (Lee) McNelly came up to him and asked, "If you like to shoot people, why don't you join the Rangers?"

Charley was the type of man the Rangers could use. He was a big man, but agile, and had been an outdoorsman all his life. He had ridden horses since he was big enough to walk and his horsemanship was equal to anyone's. He was known as an extra good shot with a Winchester, and as fair with a pistol. Besides this, the Rangers knew that he wouldn't hesitate to shoot if the need arose.

It was around 1875 that Charley Smith joined the Special Force and became a "Little McNelly." When McNelly was replaced by Lee Hall, Charley served

under him. On April 1, 1880 Charley joined Captain T. L. Oglesby's company.

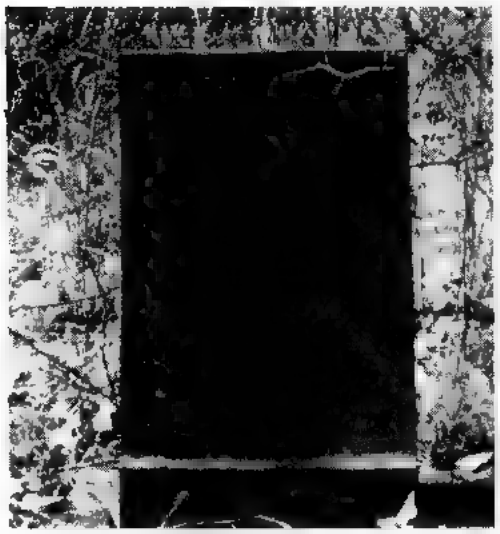
The Special Force was disbanded in 1881 and many of its members were merged with some remaining members of Company F of the Frontier Battalion, which has also been disbanded, and the unit was reorganized as new Company F.

On Saturday, June 17, 1882, Marshal Johnson of Laredo was shot and killed while attempting to arrest an outlaw by the name of "California Jim." California Jim was a man of only twenty-five or twenty-six, but he had been a noted criminal for years. Jim had been a gambler and tough in New Mexico and Arizona. In Santa Fe, New Mexico, he was considered one of the most dangerous characters in the territory and was known as "Six-shooter Smith." In Tombstone, Arizona he gave his name as James W. Smith, but was known as "Six-shooter." He was also known in Gainesville, Texas under the same name. A newspaper account described him as one of the coolest, nerviest desperadoes ever in Southwest Texas.

The Smith family cemetery at Black Jack Springs, in Fayette County, Texas.

Six-Gun

— the story of a Ranger and the outlaw who killed him



Charley Smith's tombstone.

Jim was working in a restaurant in Laredo and had an argument with his employer. Jim immediately seized his pistol and fired at his boss, but missed. The gunplay cleared the restaurant and Marshal Johnson was summoned. As the marshal approached the front door of the restaurant California Jim shot and mortally wounded him.

Jim ran out the back door and started walking north following the tracks of the International Great Northern Railroad toward San Antonio, Texas. The railroad was brand new, having been built the year before, and the country it passed through was rough and unsettled. Many of the stations along the right-of-way were little more than camps.

A reward was offered for Jim's capture, and Sheriff W. A. Tompkins of LaSalle County, upon being notified of the murder of Marshal Johnson, immediately started toward Laredo hoping to intercept the killer. He found Jim's tracks and a dry camp north of Webb Station.

As Jim worked his way through the brushy country along the railroad, carefully avoiding ranches and people, Sheriff Tompkins tracked him for three days. He was so hot on the trail that Jim saw him on four different occasions.

AT the station house at Cactus, Jim stopped just long enough to force the keeper at gun-point to fix him breakfast and give him some clothes. On Thursday morning Jim stopped again at a station house—this time in Cotulla, Texas—and had breakfast and moved on. Sheriff Tompkins arrived shortly afterward and started several parties out to attempt Jim's capture.

In the meantime, Charley Smith had been spending that Thursday hunting for some horses that had strayed from the Ranger camp. Accompanying him was a seventeen-year-old cowboy, Wesley DeSpain, whose father John ran a store near Old Cochina Lake (Iuka). Charley and DeSpain both knew of the flight of California Jim but didn't expect to see him. Their primary concern was to find the strayed stock. Good horses were a necessity in that country, especially to the Rangers. Charley always owned six or seven. Today he was riding one of his favorites, a big bay gelding named Taylor.

Late that afternoon they stopped near Cibolo Station (Millet) at the camp of a friend of theirs, John Yeager. They were sitting around resting and drinking coffee when about six o'clock they saw a man passing along the top of the brushy ridge near the depot.

Charley and DeSpain immediately mounted their horses and rode toward him. Charley's intentions were to engage the stranger in conversation until he was satisfied he had the right man, but California Jim was too desperate to take any chances. When the Rangers were within thirty yards of him, he drew his revolver, turned and opened fire.

His first or second shot hit DeSpain in the side, the bullet passing out near his spine and knocking him from his horse. Charley drew his Winchester from the saddle scabbard, dismounted, and fired three times. One shot struck Jim at the joint of the hip, crushing the bone, passed on through his bowels, ranging

(Continued on page 62)

Below, Joe A. Cole stands by the cistern of the old section house at Millet, Texas.

Ninety years ago two Kansas communities were at war: Hugoton and Woodsdale. The role of one of the best-known victims has long been in dispute.

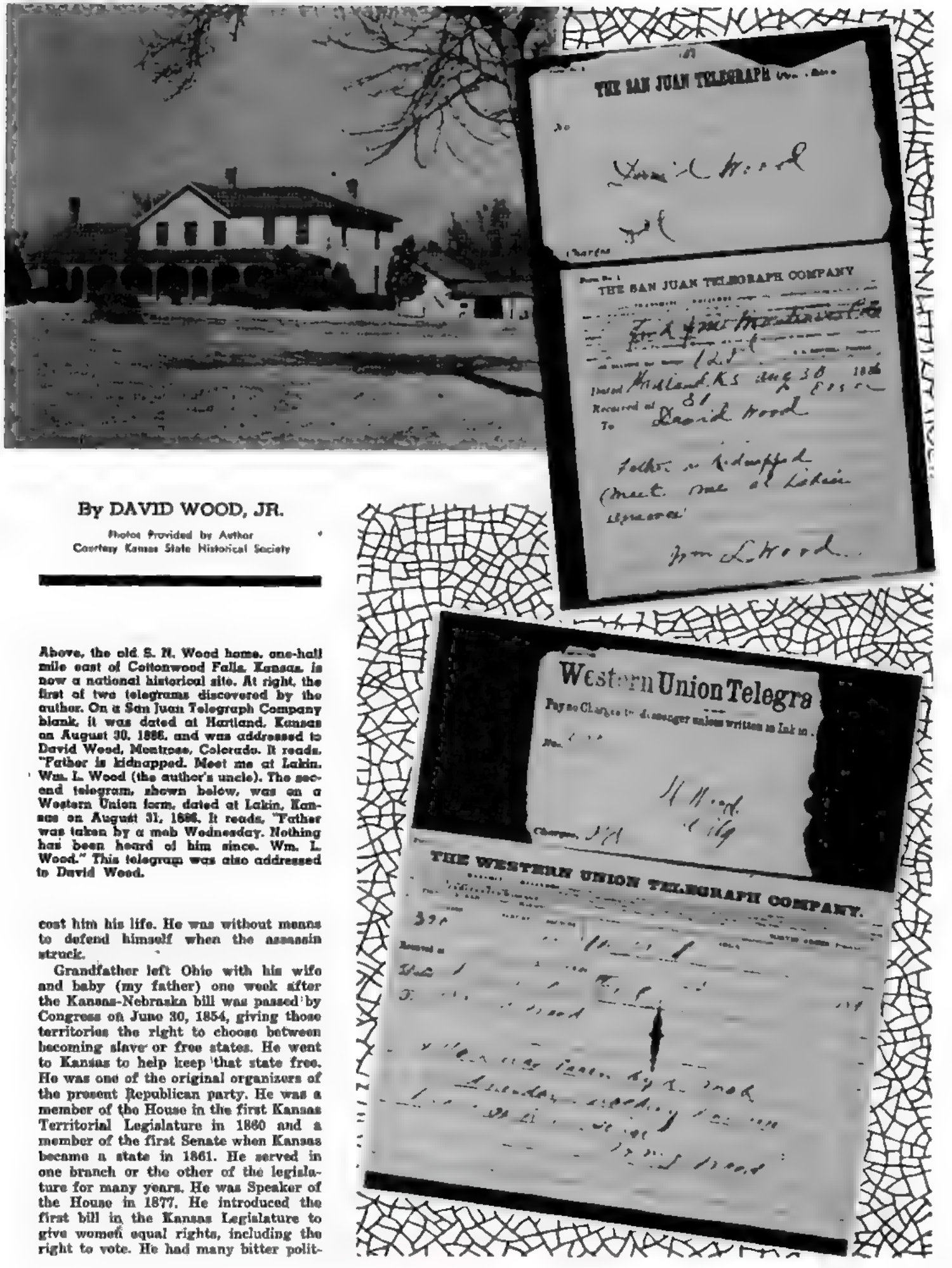
Colonel S. N. Wood, about 1885.

BLOODSHED IN KANSAS

COLONEL SAMUEL N. WOOD was my grandfather. I never had the privilege of seeing him. He was shot in the back by a political assassin on the steps of a church, and died with his head in my grandmother's lap ten years before I was born. My parents often told me of him, however, and described his personal traits so well it's as if I had known him intimately since I was a small boy.

Mother described him as "The kindest, most lovable man I have ever known." Various writers described him as "flamboyant," "quarrelsome," and "truculent." One wrote, "This strange and paradoxical character stalked like a restless apparition across Kansas history for nearly forty years, and wherever he went there was violent contention."

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Grandfather was a small man physically, but he never knew personal fear. He abhorred violence, but he never hesitated to fight in the cause of justice or in the defense of the oppressed when it was necessary. He was an able lawyer, admitted to practice in Ohio, Kansas, and Texas, and before the United States Supreme Court. He made every effort at all times to settle controversies through legal channels. He was an expert shot with a rifle or pistol, but he refused to carry a weapon of any kind when attending court, though it was customary during the early days of Bloody Kansas for many attorneys, judges, and other officers of the court to carry a concealed gun wherever they went. That respect for law and the courts



By DAVID WOOD, JR.

Photos Provided by Author
Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Above, the old S. N. Wood home, one-half mile east of Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, is now a national historical site. At right, the first of two telegrams discovered by the author. On a San Juan Telegraph Company blank, it was dated at Hartland, Kansas on August 30, 1886, and was addressed to David Wood, Montrose, Colorado. It reads, "Father is kidnapped. Meet me at Lakin. Wm. L. Wood (the author's uncle). The second telegram, shown below, was on a Western Union form, dated at Lakin, Kansas on August 31, 1886. It reads, "Father was taken by a mob Wednesday. Nothing has been heard of him since. Wm. L. Wood." This telegram was also addressed to David Wood.

cost him his life. He was without means to defend himself when the assassin struck.

Grandfather left Ohio with his wife and baby (my father) one week after the Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed by Congress on June 30, 1854, giving those territories the right to choose between becoming slave or free states. He went to Kansas to help keep that state free. He was one of the original organizers of the present Republican party. He was a member of the House in the first Kansas Territorial Legislature in 1860 and a member of the first Senate when Kansas became a state in 1861. He served in one branch or the other of the legislature for many years. He was Speaker of the House in 1877. He introduced the first bill in the Kansas Legislature to give women equal rights, including the right to vote. He had many bitter polit-

Colonel S. N. Wood and his 10 year old son, David, both wearing Civil War uniforms, about 1861. The author's father (David Wood) is believed to have been the youngest enlisted man to serve in the Union Army. He served for 8 months and took an active part in several battles and skirmishes. He was dismissed with an honorable discharge under disability, due to malaria contracted in the swamps of Missouri, 13 days before his 11th birthday.

ical enemies and many warm, loyal friends, including William Allen White, famous author and editor of the Emporia *Gazette*. He was a member of the first board of directors of the Santa Fe Railroad.

President Lincoln appointed Grandfather as Collector of Customs at El Paso, Texas, a post highly desired by many in 1861. He resigned before entering on duty to recruit a company of cavalry to fight on the Union side in the Civil War. He served first as Captain and then as Lieutenant Colonel in command of the company.

My father, David Wood, enlisted in Grandfather's company. His date of birth was not shown in the Army records, probably for a good reason, but he is believed to have been the youngest enlisted man to have served in the Union Army. He served eight months and twelve days before he was discharged thirteen days before his 11th birthday because of malaria contracted in the swamps of Missouri.

Contrary to what some readers may assume, David Wood served as a full-fledged soldier. In one instance, Grandfather was attached to the regimental staff. His company was serving as advance guard, with David riding with them. They were ambushed by a Confederate regiment ten times their number. The Union men had fought their way clear, with but one man wounded, when their Captain turned in his saddle to shout a profanity. A large caliber bullet entered his mouth, took out several teeth and exited through the joint of his jaw. As he slumped unconscious in the saddle, his horse whirled and took him back toward the Confederate lines. Young David went after him and brought both him and his mount back. Seven enemy bullets struck the front of David's low saddle and one went through his jacket.

Grandfather often carried on business projects in neighboring frontier states between sessions of the Legislature. On one trip to check on delayed freight teams he had sent to Santa Fe, New Mexico, he was kicked by an oxen high in the Raton Mountains on a bitter cold day in December 1865, and his right leg was broken. It was more than 100 miles to the nearest doctor. He was helped onto a horse and rode alone several miles to the Wootten Ranch, fifteen miles from Trinidad, Colorado, where "Uncle Dick" Wootten lived alone in a log cabin with a dirt floor and no windows. They set the leg the best they could by Grandfather pulling on the knee and Wootten pulling on the foot until the broken bones slipped into place so they could be bound with wooden splints. Unfortunately, the bones slipped before they healed and he walked with a limp the rest of his life.

Word of his plight reached Trinidad and Jim Grey, who had never heard of Col. Sam Wood, took a wagon with blankets and pillows and brought him him to Trinidad. Grandfather insisted on starting for his home in Kansas in a buggy drawn by two mules, with his broken leg trussed to the dash, and no companion other than a Sharp's buffalo rifle and two Colt's six-shooters, in order to take his place in the Legislature that convened on January 9. Stopping nights at stage stations, he made the 500-mile trip through hostile Indian territory in twelve days. He did not get there in time to answer the first roll call, but he arrived before the Legislature adjourned.

MY FIRST KNOWLEDGE of the trouble in Kansas came about through the discovery of two telegrams and a letter many years ago, when I was searching through old correspondence packed away in our barn loft at Dallas, Colorado. They were badly nibbled by mice, but were readable.

One telegram was on an old San Juan Telegraph Company blank. It was dated Hartland, Kansas, August 30, 1886, addressed to David Wood, Montrose, Colorado, and forwarded to Dallas. It read, "Father is kidnapped. Meet me at Lakin. Wm. L. Wood." William L. Wood was my uncle.

The second telegram was on a Western Union form, dated at Lakin, Kansas, August 31, 1886. It read, "Father was taken by a mob Wednesday. Nothing has been heard of him since. Wm. L. Wood."

The letter was from J. L. Brady, one of the partners in Grandfather's law

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One of twelve model 1866 Winchester rifles, caliber .45-70, sent to Kansas by David Wood of Montrose, Colorado for the protection of his mother, the widow of Colonel Samuel N. Wood, when it was feared that she might be killed to prevent her testifying at the trial of Jim Brennan, for the murder of her husband.

THE PRICE WAS A BOTTLE

By ROBERTA GREEN
Photo Courtesy Author

Booze to Amanda was like a carrot on a stick and she followed anywhere it led

AMANDA ALBERTS was known in Custer County, Idaho as Cowboy Joe. She hailed from everywhere and nowhere, and ended in the Custer County poorhouse, with no family and no friends—a pitiful, lonely figure.

Her early training was evident by her quiet speech, and she was never known to boisterously laugh aloud. When she was particularly pleased she would smile or utter a slight chuckle. Almost six feet tall, she had thick reddish-brown hair, often worn in two large braids wound around her head. She had bluish-grey eyes and a proud figure. When she came to Bonanza, she had been a beautiful woman. Everyone spoke of her as being kind-hearted.

By the time Amanda had been in the Yankee Fork country ten years, she had given most ways of living a trial. She became a drifter, and seemed destined to destroy herself.

At one time she stayed with the Arthur McGown family while Arthur went to Ketchum for a load of freight. Shortly before, Arthur had brought Amanda home with him, together with a bottle of whiskey to sober her up. Her attire smelled to high heaven and so did she. Della McGown was a small person and had no clothing that would fit Amanda, so Della gave her a pair of Arthur's trousers and a shirt to wear. Then they washed all of Amanda's clothes. One of her rare chuckles was heard as she glanced down at her men's pants.

When visitors came that afternoon, Amanda hid in the bedroom. (No woman would ever appear publicly in such garb in those days.) As soon as the wash was dry and ironed, she and Della armed themselves with towels, soap, and clean undergarments, and headed for a nice spring hidden from view. They had a great time, splashing, soaping and getting Amanda clean. When they returned to the cabin, and the big girl was again dressed, she was ashamed of her hair and asked Della to help her comb it. Della undertook the job. However, Cowboy Joe (as Amanda was already known throughout the area) pleaded to have just one drink so she could stand the pain.

It took all day to untangle the matted hair, and while she was having her hair combed she began to tell Della her life's story. It seemed to take her mind off the hair-pulling.

SHE SPOKE of where she had been before coming to the McGowns. She had been with a fellow staying in an old log cabin with only part of a roof. It was back up in the timber close to the Vienna Mine and about five miles from the town of Sawtooth. She didn't know how long she had been with him, but figured about a month. She had been drunk all the time. One morning a howling dog awakened her. She raised her head off a sack of hay, which the fellow had stuffed under her head, only to find she was alone with an empty demijohn and the dog. Thinking the poor animal must be as thirsty as she was, Cowboy Joe staggered over and untied him. He headed for the water, with Joe close behind.

Amanda Alberts, known to her friends as "Cowboy Joe."

"Us two dogs had a long big drink," she said.

The dog then started down the creek on a little path. After looking around, Joe realized she was lost, so she stayed close to him, following along until they found a wagon-road. They stayed on this until they came into the town of Sawtooth. When Joe went into the saloon to find out where she was, the bartender seemed sorry for the poor half-starved dog, so Joe gave it to him.

Later as men drifted into the saloon, they began buying drinks for her. Pretty soon she was drunk and passed out again. This was her condition when Arthur McGown brought her home to Della. She told Della, "My husband, Pete Alberts, always comes and gets me sooner or later, so I will stay here until he comes."

Joe continued her story and said she was born at Council Bluffs, Iowa. Her mother was a God-fearing, pie-biting Baptist. When she spoke of her father, her voice took on a tender note as she told of the evenings when the work was all done. They would light the lamps. He would take her on his lap, cradling her in his arms and telling her wonderful stories of his childhood. He died when she was ten years old.

After his death her mother put her in a Catholic Sisters school where she remained until she was sixteen. Then her mother came with a new husband and took her home with them. This man was good to Amanda and she was glad to be released from the convent.

One night her mother went to a church meeting and left her and her step-father at home. Being lonesome for a father's love she sat down on his lap, trying to recapture her childhood. He was rather astonished, but being a kind man, he felt he understood her loneliness. He was telling her of his early struggles and how he hated to leave his family when he had run away from home, when her mother walked into the room. She misunderstood the situation, and grabbing Amanda by the hair, threw her on the floor. She was furious as she turned on her husband who was trying to reason with her. Seeing he could not help Amanda, he walked to the door and disappeared into the night.

Amanda's mother went to a closet and flung a carpet sack at her daughter, telling her to pack and leave. As she was packing, she hoped her mother would relent or at least give her some money so she would have something to eat. But the only help she received was a push out the door, with the door slamming behind her.

Amanda's step-father was waiting and pressed a twenty-dollar gold piece into her hand, telling her to go to her mother's minister where she would be sure to have shelter until she could find a permanent place to stay. That was the last time she ever saw her mother or step-father.

AMANDA went to the minister's house. When he heard the story he said she must have been very wrong for her lovely mother to put her out, so he felt he could not help her. The girl wandered from there to the main street.

The saloons were doing great business. Their windows were all lit up, and music was drifting out the doorways. After standing outside of one for a little while, she saw a young man come through the doorway and take something to his horse which was tied at the hitching rack. As his eyes became accustomed to the

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ED TO UNZ
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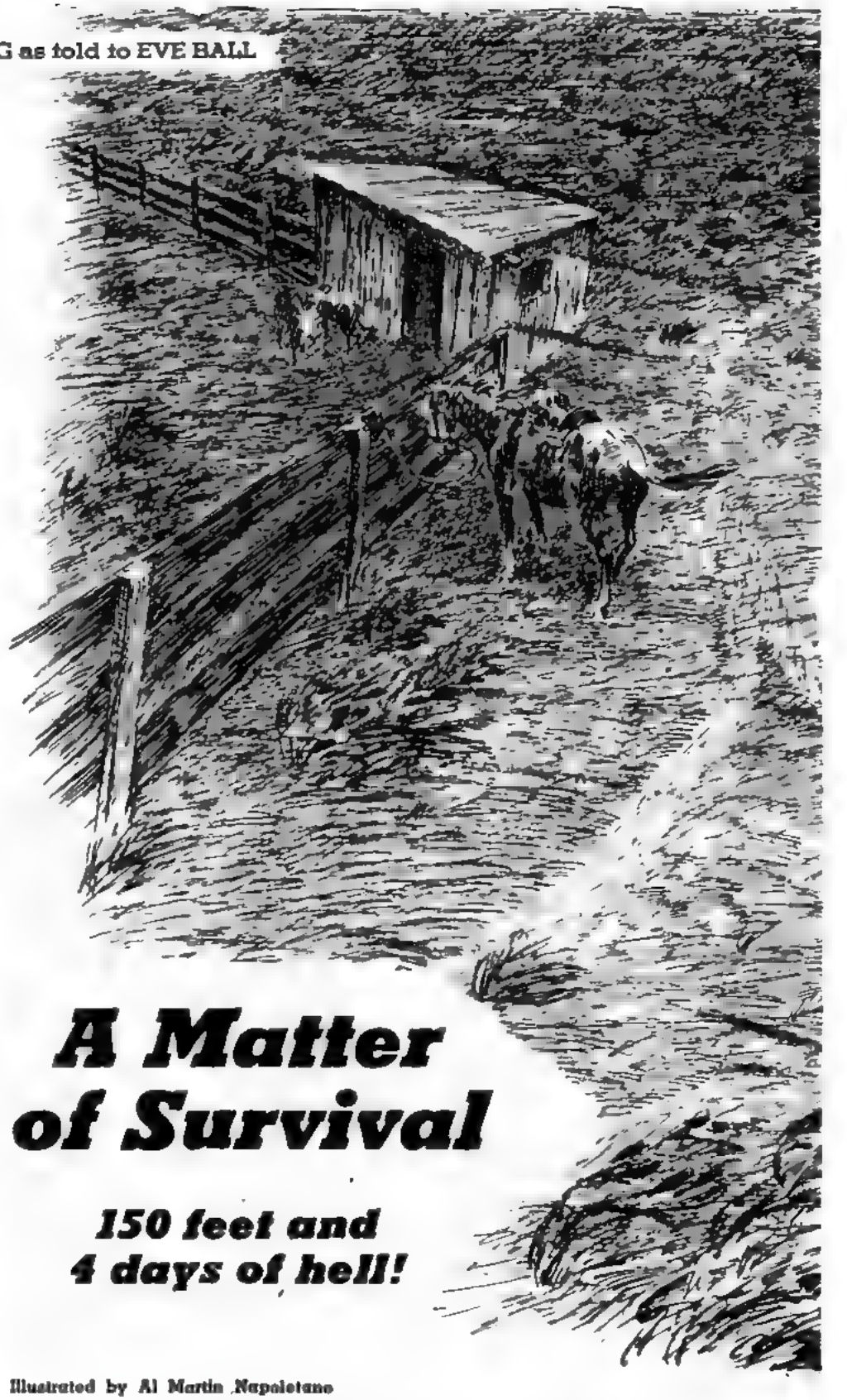
By CLYDE BROWNING as told to EVE BALL



A Matter of Survival

150 feet and 4 days of hell!

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

"THESE MARCH WINDS in eastern New Mexico," said Clyde Browning, "can blow hell out of a cyclone.

"There were some nesters living up on the Yonner [Llano Estacado]—good young folks, just getting a start. Had a tin roof and a board floor. Cook stove, too. It het the place.

"When their boy got old enough to go to school, Mr. Latton rented two little rooms in Lovington and his wife would leave home in the buckboard at three Monday morning so that they'd make it by nine. And if the weather and roads wasn't too bad she'd start back at four Friday afternoon. But Latton never knew till the time came whether to expect them or not. Sometimes he'd saddle up and start to meet them. There was several houses between them and town by that time, where she could stop if a Norther struck.

"That day when his wife left, it was windy. He always got up early and did the chores with a lantern; but usually not till about four. But that morning he went to work right after they left. He milked three cows; that was all they had. They was trying to make a living dry farming. And he cowboyed for one of the ranchers when he could.

"Well, he milked the cows, and fed the calves out of a bucket. If you ain't never taught a calf to drink you don't know what it means to dip your fingers into a bucket, put them in the critter's mouth and ease it into a bucket. Beats all how quick they catch on to drink that way. But these was new calves and it took a long time. They'd butt the bucket and get calf slobbers all over you. Then he went to the house and set a three-gallon bucket of milk on a low bench inside by the door.

"Latton had grubbed some mesquite roots and he carried them inside and stacked them by the stove. When he'd tidied up he took the lantern and wrangled his horse an' saddled him—tied him to a post of the trap where the calves were penned.

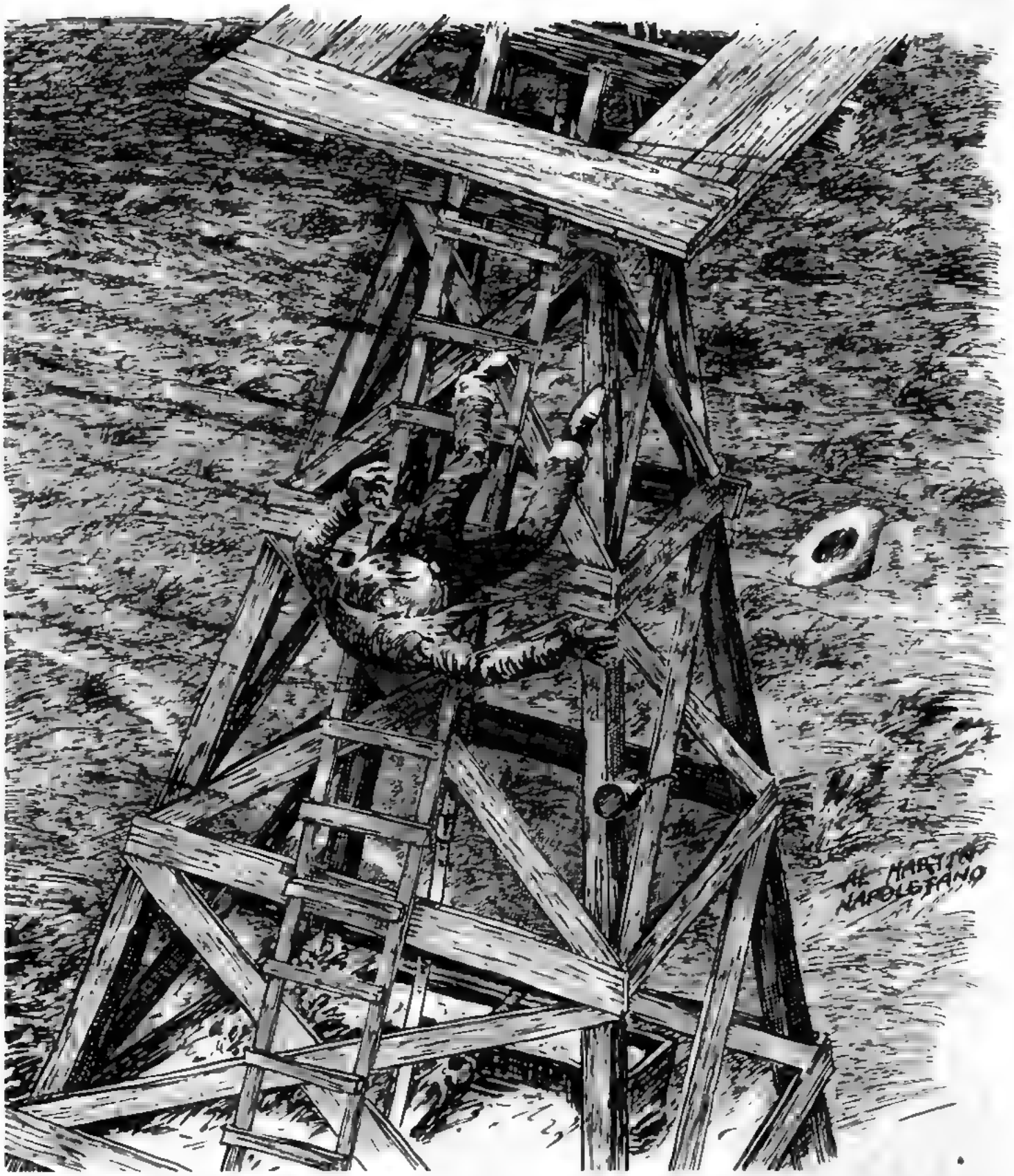
"Then he got the can and climbed the tower to oil the windmill.

"LATTON never knew just exactly what happened but when he came to, he was flat on the ground. He tried to sit up and it hurt so bad he knew his leg was broken. His boot stuck out to one side.

"Blood was running down into his eyes. When he tried to wipe it away he found that his right arm was broken below the elbow. The left one was, too. And everything was beginning to hurt bad.

"Latton knew that he had to get to the house before wolves smelled the blood. There was still a few loboes in the country, and hundreds of coyotes. The house was a hundred and fifty feet away. He'd stepped it and knew. [A long step is a fairly accurate measure of three feet.]

"He was lying with his head toward the house. He raised hisself on his elbows and tried to drag hisself, but his boot sticking out at an angle made it hard to move. Luckily, he turned his head and something struck his cheek—a piece of wire. He got hold of it with his teeth and pulled. It was strong wire and maybe four feet or more long. With his teeth he made a loop in it and managed with the other foot to get the wire around the boot on the injured leg so that it stayed straight. Inching himself along on his elbows he started for the house. He was so weak that he frequently had to stop and rest, but finally he reached the door. Fortunately, there were no steps and it was not latched. He got inside and kicked the door shut. Then he fainted.



"When Latton regained consciousness he was very cold. With his teeth he pulled blankets from the bed and dragged them over him. Again he collapsed.

"He lay there four or five days, unconscious at times. When awake he tried to recall whether or not his wife had mentioned returning Friday evening. Mostly it would depend on the weather, of course, and so far there had been no cessation, not even at night, of the wailing of the wind. Between gusts he could hear the calves bawling for their mothers. And he was distressed for his horse, twenty feet from water and unable to get to it.

"For the first time he became acutely aware of thirst. He had suffered so terribly from his injuries that he had been little concerned about either water or food. Then he remembered the bucket full of milk. He worked his way to the bench, raised hisself on his elbows and got his chin over the rim. He drank the thick cream first and then the milk. It was sour but it was wet.

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THE WILD WEST THAT FLICKERED

By VICTOR H. WHITE

Photos Courtesy Author

A portion of old celluloid film from a Vitagraph release. This particular sample appears to have been spliced near the title frame.

An unidentified Mack Sennett beauty.

Not all the action in a movie house took place up there on the silver screen!

THE cavalrymen moved forward steadily. They approached the edge of a level prairie that marked a steep slant to the river below. Two of their scouts, returning from forward patrol, reported seeing scattered Indian horsemen. But these reports were already outdated because the entire company now began to see the hostiles.

The Indians were scattered. They appeared from a half mile to a full mile ahead, far apart, like independent individuals with no concentrated plan or purpose. There were five or six of them.

A halt was ordered to survey the situation. The Indian riders were out of range, fifty to a hundred feet apart, but all moving in a line, from right to left. Other riders then began to appear, some to the left, some to the right, and within a few minutes the commanding officer rose in his stirrups to look back. It was incredible that mounted Indians had appeared in the direction from which he and his men had just come. In an unbelievably short time there were fifty or a hundred of them, all moving from right to left, circling. The cavalrymen were surrounded.

From the direction of the river, Indians on foot began to appear. The number of Indian horsemen increased as if someone had planted dragons' teeth and they were sprouting full-grown warriors out of the very grasses of the prairie. It was such a military maneuver as no army general had ever seen, and perhaps one such as would never be seen again. There was no way in which the white soldiers could charge or attack a nebulous thin and scattered line of moving targets that could divide, retreat, and attack intermittently, and at will. They were ordered to dismount, to form a tight and compact defensive circle from which direct fire could be maintained in every direction until enough of the Indians had been disposed of and the others put to flight. The American flag was planted in an upright position near the commanding officer. There was no rock or tree for protection. The cavalrymen would be forced to use live horses as a breastwork and, as the horses fell, to use the horses' bodies.

The nearly-naked attackers were now riding faster and faster, in a vast circle,

Film star Mary Pickford, a favorite with movie fans of her time.

Above, the author (standing on right) with two friends, in front of Metro Studio in Hollywood, California, February, 1924.

always converging, each circling movement a little closer to the small cluster of blue-coated soldiers, who began to discharge their weapons as the tightening circle brought the riders into rapid and fleet-footed, bare-back, constantly-maneuvering range. They wore only a loin cloth, and sometimes a single feather. Their horses bore no saddles. Bows and arrows, spears, and rifles were their weapons. A frenzied fury was their bugler.

The crouching soldiers, one by one, crumpled. Indians toppled from horses. The tempo of combat quickened. The American flag began to lean. A cavalryman seized the staff, drove it upright into the soil, and died. The prairie had become alive with redmen. At last the white defense was reduced to a miniature circle of dead horses and half a dozen rifles firing across their bodies.

Suddenly, there was only Custer and the flag. He stood erect, an army revolver blazing in each hand. His body shook repeatedly from the blows of additional bullets and the thuds of new arrows. He never fell. His body just slumped into the center of the melee of dead men and dead horses, as a statue of wax might melt. The flag fluttered on for a moment, till one of the bravest of the enemy leaped in and clubbed it down.

I am not attempting to describe historically the Battle of the Little Big Horn, which was fought that memorable June afternoon in eastern Montana in 1876. I am giving my recollections of the battle I witnessed when I paid five cents in the summer of 1910 to see "Custer's Last Stand" at a nickelodeon on Third Avenue in Seattle, Washington. This silent movie had been made on the actual battleground a year before, and in which real Indians portrayed the warriors. Some of the Indians who did the riding and the acting were sons of warriors who had actually fought Custer; and a few of the old extras used in some of the shots, may have been actual participants in the battle they had won thirty-four years earlier.

I am not compelled to depend entirely on memory for the battle scenes, for an enterprising photographer took still shots of the battle scenes the movie

Below, Esup-ewishea, or "Hairy Moccasin," reputedly one of the three living Indian scouts who led Custer onto the field of battle, who also appeared in the movie version of "Custer's Last Stand," in 1909.

Below, silent screen comedian, Harry Langdon, shown here in a scene from a Mack Sennett comedy, "The Hansom Cabman."

Below, a bird's-eye view of Universal City from the visitor's entrance, showing the large stage and technical building.

cameras were shooting, copyrighted them, and sold hundreds of pictures and postcards, most of which have certainly been destroyed. At least I have never seen any except the two in my possession.

After Custer and the flag had fallen, the red men rushed in savagely. They tore watches, jewelry, identification tags and clothing from the dead soldiers. One Indian brave is shown grabbing a dead soldier by the boots, holding the feet and legs upward against his chest while he slashed through the dead man's belt with a knife, jerked off the soldier's pants and waved them triumphantly above his head. Several Indians tore off dead soldiers' blue jackets and put them on. I remember no scalping or mutilation, and the photographs show no evidence of it, but they certainly do indicate that there was great jubilation, and noisy, yelling celebration of their great success.

WITH this movie, something new had been added to the West. For certainly the motion picture was strictly Western, and it stimulated a new "rush" even before the lure of free land, gold and adventure had faded.

The West, specifically Los Angeles, with its clear air (before smog) and sunshine, was the undisputed birthplace of the commercial motion picture. That area possessed more clear, sunny days, with comfortable living conditions and future promise of wealth, than any other place in the world. It is doubtful if any one motivation—adventure, gold, or land—ever brought as many Americans West as did the motion picture and the mild, sunny climate of Southern California. Nowhere were there greater thrills, romance, adventure, or opportunity, and nowhere else would the slower exposure time of early twentieth century film, and cloudy weather, make the production of motion pictures profitable for the thousands of nickleodeons which sprang up all over the United States.

The word nickleodeon simply meant a motion picture theatre, the admission to which was exactly five cents.

Hollywood, Culver City, Burbank, Universal City, and Beverly Hills became known around the world as places to seek fame and fortune as movie extras, movie stars, real estate promoters, or simply as places to go as tourists or to retire. Oranges, oil and airplane manufacturing played a part, but neither gold, free land, nor adventure ever inspired as great a movement westward as was sparked by the movie. It was the movie that was destined to document, fictionalize, dramatize, romanticize and possibly exaggerate or underestimate the importance of all other Western movements in this country.

When D. W. Griffith presented "The Birth of a Nation," it was so vast that he seemed to have employed more actors than there had been soldiers in the Union Army. Everyone wanted to be in the movies. Wages were not important. Applicants stood in line to be chosen as "extras." There was at least one chance in a million of becoming a star with a fabulous future. I, myself, was content to twinkle a little, but never wished to shine too brightly.

THE early growth of the movie industry resulted in an eleven-year-old newspaper kid (me) meeting Ray Robinson. Robinson was a man who made something like $200 a month at a time when $150 was an enormous salary. He was the projectionist at the Star Theatre on First Avenue. He liked me because he wanted to help my mother educate me and because I had a quite untiring right arm. He could take me into a tiny room behind the box office at the Star, then lead the way straight up a ladder-like set of steps that led into the projection room.

There were two types of projectors up there. On the left was a simple magic lantern affair, into which glass slides could be inserted. It would throw a gleam of light through a small aperture on the audience side of the booth and, according to the need of the moment, Ray Robinson could insert a framed and (sometimes colored) glass slide which would throw such sentences on the curtain as, "LADIES WILL PLEASE REMOVE THEIR HATS," "PLEASE DO NOT SPIT ON THE FLOOR," "ONE MOMENT WHILE THE OPERATOR CHANGES REELS."

And there was one slide which read simply, "ONE MINUTE, PLEASE." This was always left in the machine. It was flashed on when the film snapped.

The 35mm movie film of that day broke often. The projection machine, which held only one reel of film, had to be turned by hand. This was why a projectionist got such a good salary. That was also one reason why I may have been popular with Ray Robinson. His arm must have gotten unbelievably tired turning a crank hour after hour, with only a minute or two of rest while changing reels about every fifteen minutes.

There was one good feature. The crank could be turned with either the left hand or the right hand as long as one was careful to keep the proper rhythm of speed and movement, so that the character on the curtain who was kissing the girl didn't hold the kiss till it was unlawful, or else give such a short peck that it certainly wasn't love. What the audience was seeing depended on just how fast this little eleven-year-old news kid turned that crank, or just how carefully we were able to pass the crank from Robinson's hand to mine when we changed.

When a reel had been completed it was immediately transferred to a very simple different machine, and the operator pressed a button which turned on a motor. The rewind machine spun at a glorious rate. It wound the film back from its reversed position for the next show. Then the second reel of a two-reeler, or the one reel of a comedy or news reel, would be clamped in place while the slide machine was still advising, "ONE MOMENT WHILE THE OPERATOR CHANGES REELS."

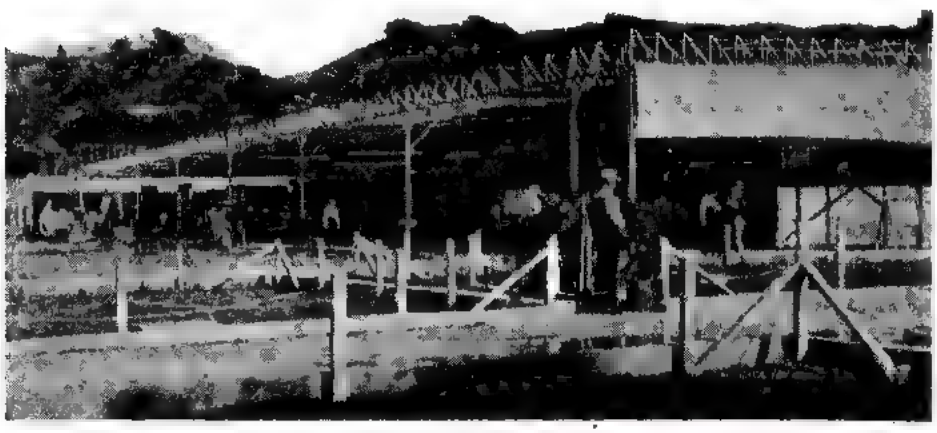
During such waiting periods it was also possible for a person in the audience to obtain a box of Cracker Jacks or a "Grab Box" by placing a nickel in the slot machine container attached to the back of every third or fourth seat in the theatre.

I learned to stand at Robinson's left and switch on and change the glass slides. I was standing there one afternoon when the film snapped and the tension of the tightness of the wrapped film released six or eight feet of celluloid all over the place.

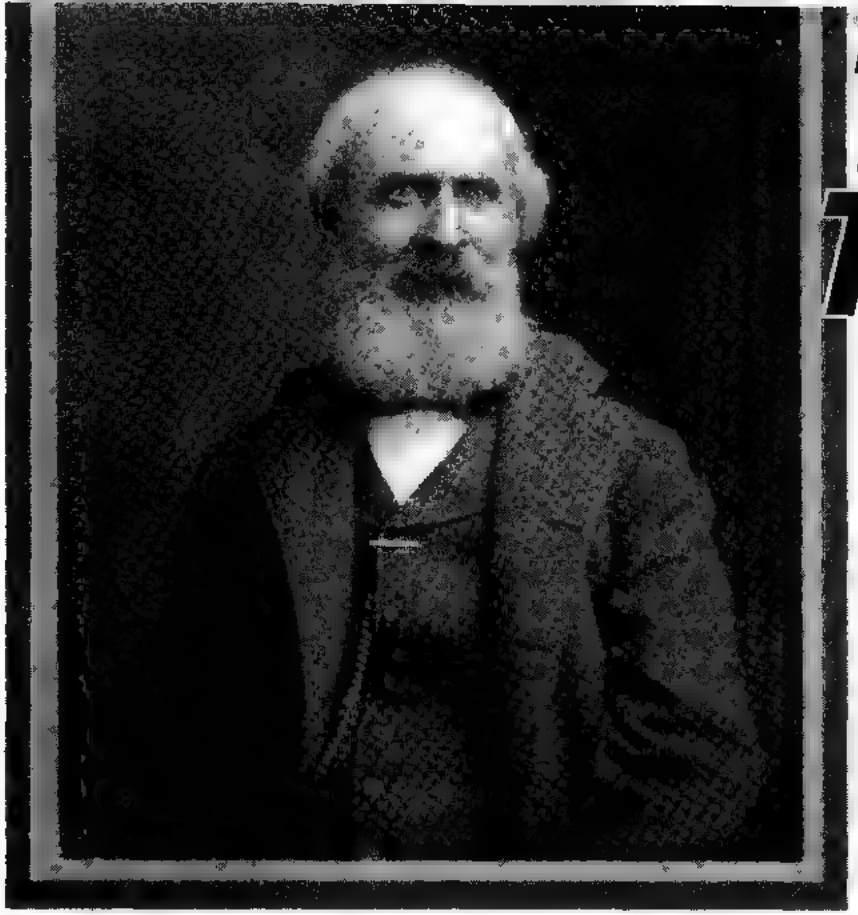
My duty was plain. I snapped on the light and "ONE MINUTE, PLEASE" came on the screen. Robinson quickly rolled the two or three circles of loose film back on the reel that had been shown, and hung onto the end, which he clipped straight across with a scissors always kept handy. He captured the other loose end, clipped it straight across, then grabbed a tub of some sort of special quick-drying goo and ran the spout of the tube across both loose ends. One was laid expertly across the other, the two pressed and smoothed together, then the hand crank turned gently and carefully to take up the slack. A wink from Robinson and I snapped off the lamp in the slide machine. Robinson's rhythmic turning had already begun and the audience was back in the magic land of moviedom. There was only one slight hitch. Every time in the future, when that particular film rolled past the repair, there would be a slight skip, miss

(Continued on page 85)

Back in the early 1900s this was one of the largest stages in the world, some 500 feet long. It was located at Universal City, California.



ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Caleb Magill at Ontario, California, about 1900.

TRAIL TRAGEDY

—and to Caleb Magill it was a private affair

By GLADYS PAYNE SHAFER
Photos Courtesy Author

MOST of the facts concerning a famous Oregon Trail landmark have been gathered together, unfolded by relatives and others bit by bit through the years since 1864. This never completely told story, over a hundred years unwinding, is the latest and very probably the last version of the Ada Magill story that will ever be written by anyone who remembers Caleb Magill personally—my three sisters, my brother, and I are all past eighty.

Uncle Caleb's day is long past—he was an old man when I was a child. My memory of him is more dream than reality. He had come from Oregon to California; back at the turn of the century he had a small orange grove above Ontario, not far from our home. He was a man of few words. When the elderly widower came to visit us he would sit quietly in the rocking chair, often seeming to drowse through the routine goings-on of our lively family, but sometimes, if a controversy waxed tempestuous, he would rouse to comment, "I have my own private opinion about that question." He would then settle back to his reveries and the argument would usually go on.

He never failed to come to attention, however, when our three-year-old sister was around, always wanting to hold her as long as she would allow it, rocking her, stroking her hair. One day he was heard to say to her, "There was another little girl once, like you—hair all shiny, like yours."

"Where is she now—where is that little girl?" our sister asked. But the question went unanswered, the old man just went on rocking her.

We children paid little attention to our mother's unassuming older brother, but indifference gave way to curiosity about him the day Mother told us some things related by one of the women who had crossed the plains on the Oregon Trail in the same train with Uncle Caleb, his wife Nancy and their children.

IT WAS just another 1864 wagontrain, Mother told us—one of many that daily followed the Platte going west. Only members of this train were tarrying overlong beside the trail, for during the night a little girl had died—Caleb and Nancy Magill had lost their youngest daughter, three-year-old Ada.

Early that morning the men had taken boards from one of the wagons to make a small casket, the grave had been dug deep; heavy stones had been heaped on top against intruding man or beast, and a prayer had been said. Now there seemed to be nothing more anyone could do.

Pulling away from the grave, the wagons left the desolate spot and resumed the hot, dusty trek toward Oregon. That evening camp was made close to the river, a few miles east of present-day Casper, Wyoming. The next morning, readying for an early start, the men missed Caleb Magill—he was not around.

"At daybreak he went off," his wife Nancy said tearfully. "He told me there was something he had to do back there. He seemed in a hurry— he said for us to go on, he'd catch up."

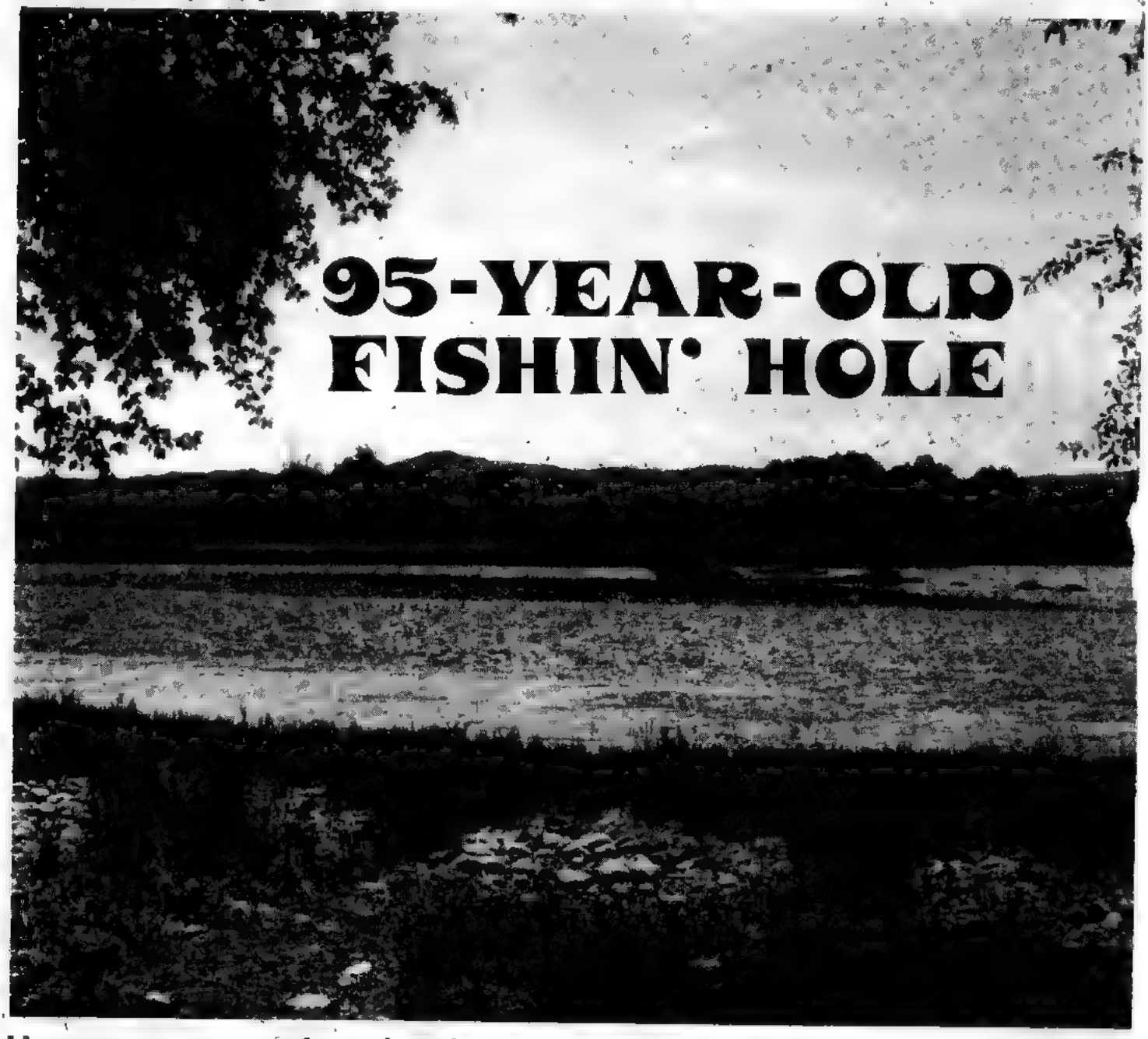
One of the single men of the outfit hitched up the oxen and drove for Nancy and the children that day. And the next. At sundown of the second day Caleb returned to camp.

"None of the others learned from Caleb what he had to do when he went away that morning," Mother told us. "To this day nobody, not even the kinfolks, knows whether he even told your Aunt Nancy." Without doubt, Uncle Caleb's mission back to his little daughter's grave was to him his own private affair.

(Continued on page 38)

The roughly inscribed tombstone that marks little Ada Magill's grave.

Looking southeast across the Gunnison River toward the right-of-way for the Denver & Rio Grande Western narrow gauge that used to service the area. It was near this spot that the Coopers would cross the river on a bridge Robert M. Cooper built before the turn of the century and pick up guests.



95-YEAR-OLD FISHIN' HOLE

How many remember the thrill when word went out that the willow That meant the trout were as

ONE fall a couple of years ago, while doing a little evening fly fishing on the Gunnison River six miles west of Gunnison, Colorado, I took a moment to look around and feel the ghosts of the past. I saw old log cabins built before the turn of the century for fishermen, and a huge New England-style barn and ranch house, both constructed in 1882. South across the river, the sun-tossed out some final shadows before dropping behind the mesa to the west, and I could almost hear the whistle of the Denver & Rio Grande Western narrow-gauge as it pulled into the Hierro siding sometime in the mid-'80s.

Thinking back a little farther into 1853, I wondered how close to this very spot Captain John Williams Gunnison and his party of army engineers had ridden or walked as they headed west toward the Black Canyon of what would eventually be called "Gunnison" after that same explorer.

I was indulging in this reverie in the midst of what had been known as Cooper Ranch Resort until 1969, and which from now on will be called Cooper Ranch Day Use Area by the National Park Service. Actually it was a "ghost resort," with its empty buildings, slated to be auctioned off by the government. I was told the area would take on the look of a picnic grounds—with tables, grills, and fiberglass pit toilets—and designated for day use only, no camping allowed.

Although the barn and house were ninety-five years old when I was there, and were built from hand-hewn logs, the federal historical site inspectors had found no reason for preserving either one. They called the barn "the most interesting" because it was New England-style architecture. The house and the original adjoining attached cabins, built in 1896, were definitely to be dismantled and perhaps salvaged for the lumber.

Robert M. Cooper, who built the barn,

Above, these were the original fishermen's cabins built in the mid-1890s by Robert M. Cooper, who saw a future in the tourist trade on the Gunnison River.

Below, Marge and Mac Cooper in front of the barn constructed by his grandfather, Robert M. Cooper, in 1882.

flies were on the Gunnison? good as in the pan!

By CHARLES A. PAGE

Photos Courtesy Author

was born in Perth County, Ontario in 1849. He married Christine Rozelle in 1868 and they moved to Coffeyville, Kansas in 1872 where they homesteaded a couple of years.

While in Kansas they had one child, Joseph. In 1874 they went west to Colorado Springs where Cooper freighted for several years. On a freight run in 1875 he became acquainted with the Gunnison country. Another son, William, was born to them in Colorado Springs.

In 1878 they moved to Carbon Mountain north of Gunnison near Baldwin, where a coal mine was operating, and where Cooper did some mining. His third son, Robert, was born there.

IN 1881 the family moved to Sawtooth Mountain, southeast of Gunnison, where Cooper operated a sawmill. Cooper Mountain, nearby, is named for him. During the time he had the sawmill, he homesteaded 160 acres of the original Cooper Ranch west of Gunnison on the river, and then bought up another 160 acres. Using a foot adz and a broad-axe, he built the barn and the house. Eventually he constructed an old pole bridge that spanned the Gunnison River for more than eighty years. It led to the meadowland area of the ranch on the south side of the river.

Mac Cooper recalls that his grandfather was continually asked why the house was built back along the ridge and not down in the trees by the river. Grandfather Cooper said, "There's a clean natural spring in the side of the hill with enough good water to provide the family for many years." And to this day it runs and has been tested as perfect.

Also during 1882, when the ranch buildings were completed, tracks for the Denver Rio Grande Western narrow-gauge line had been finished through Gunni-

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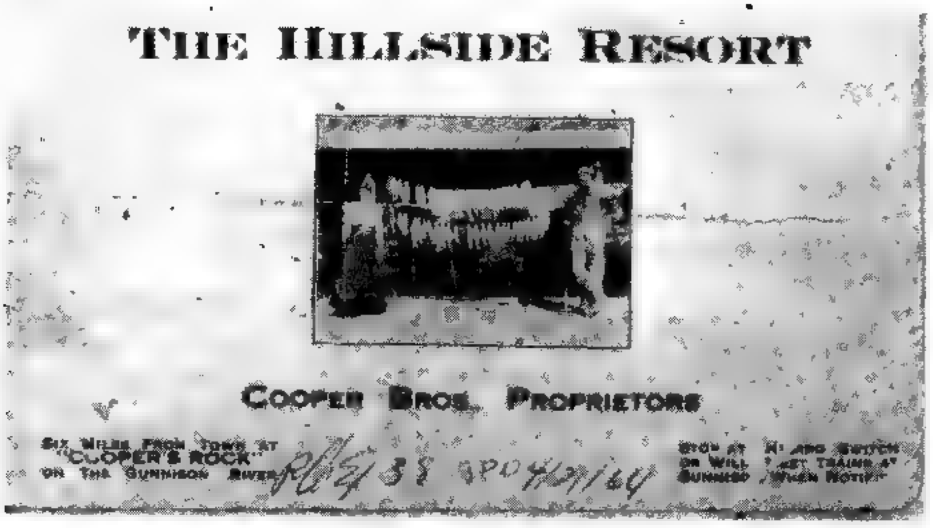
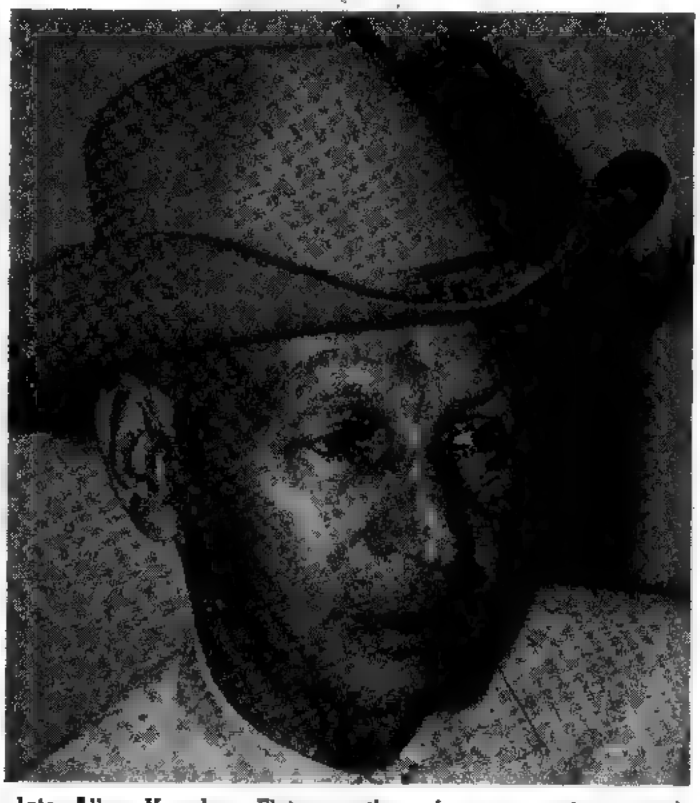
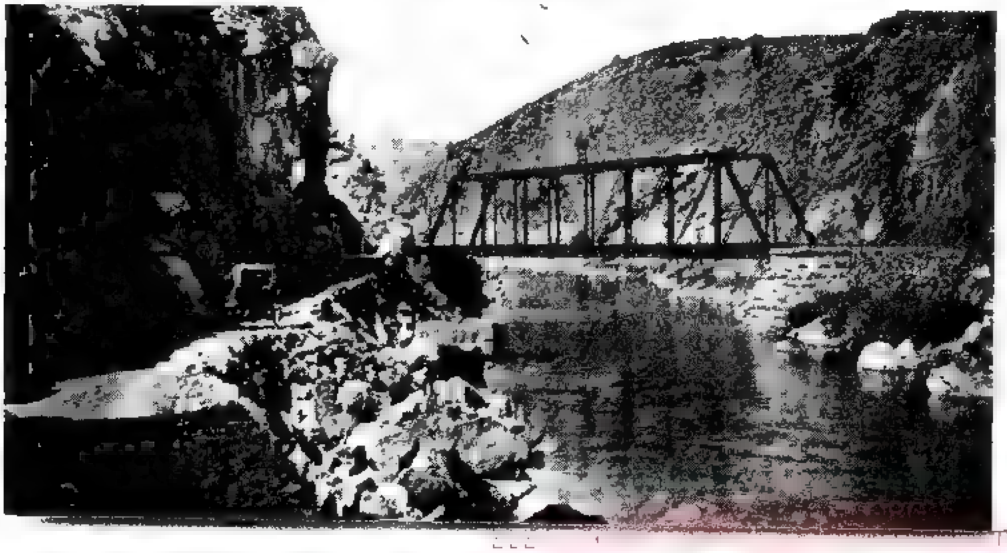


Between 1906 and 1920 the ranch was called "The Hillside Resort," as this advertising card illustrates. Cabin rates were only $2.00 per day, so weekly rates must have been very inexpensive. Prospective guests were told they could get off the train across the river at Hierro Switch, or they would be met at the depot in Gunnison.



Courtesy Kenneth Fowler: Western Writers of America Collection

Above, the late Allan Vaughan Elston, author of many western novels, including *Grass and Gold*, which has as its setting the beautiful Gunnison country. Below, Black Cañon and Sapinero Bridge on the "Rainbow Route."



son after coming over Marshall Pas The railroad company continued west, following the south side of the river and passing the Cooper Ranch. Hierro siding (or switch) was located nearby, its main purpose to serve a granite quarry. This granite was used in Colorado's state capitol.

Most old-timers remember Hierro, however, as a place for fishermen to get off the train and come to the Cooper Ranch for fishing in the Gunnison River. The attraction for visiting fishermen began something like this. While the narrow-gauge line was being constructed the workers loved to go fishing when they had any time off. After the completion of the line between Gunnison and Montrose, the trainmen talked more and more about the wonderful trout action in the stream named for Captain Gunnison.

Ranchers along the way began to let the fishermen use a spare shed or room and in some cases even boarded the fishermen. Mrs. Cooper cooked for many of them when the "fishermen's cabins" were built in the 1890s. Some of the first visitors came from Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Denver. But soon out-of-staters made the Cooper Ranch—as well as others on the river—their summertime retreats.

In the meantime, three more Cooper children came along, all daughters: Sarah, Etta and Elizabeth.

In 1905 Robert W. Cooper married a neighbor girl, Laura Bell McCabe, and in 1906 with brother Joe they bought the ranch from their father who was then fifty-seven years old. The parents moved into Gunnison where they spent the rest of their lives. The elder Cooper lived to be eighty-six. The story is told that he walked the six miles to the ranch and back every day until a week before he died.

WHEN Joe and Robert bought the ranch they could foresee the interest people would be taking in resorts and they added many of the cabins which would go on the auction block in the 1970s. They named the ranch "Sunnyside," although their father had called it "Hillside" prior to that time. Mac Cooper said the Sunnyside name persisted until about 1920 when it became more popularly known as Cooper Ranch Resort.

The place primarily had been a ranch and continued as such until the Depression in the 1930s when Joe and Robert sold off the cattle. Then in 1934 Joe died, and his brother became sole owner.

Robert and Laura Bell raised six boys on the ranch. A daughter, Ellen, died when she was eight. The boys were: Robert R., who died in 1968; Chester, Steve, and Ed, all of Denver; John of Dove Creek, Colorado; and Mac who lives near the old mining town of Vulcan in the north part of Saguache County adjacent to the Gunnison County line.

In 1946 when Mac and his brother Ed finished their military service, they bought the ranch from their parents, who moved into Gunnison. A year later Mac and his wife bought Ed's share.

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The Wild West That Flickered

(Continued from page 30)

and jump where several frames of the picture had been clipped.

Sometimes Robinson ended up with one, two or a dozen feet of film cut out of a picture or caption. He gave me several of these and, before starting to write this article, I took two of them to an old-time photographer friend of mine who still does developing in his own shop. He told me that for a slight cost, equaling exactly two hundred times the admission price to the Star Theatre seventy years ago, he thought he could make a positive negative and then a black and white print of what was on several frames. I gave him a chunk where part of a picture *was mended* to the trailer announcing that the picture was filmed by "Vitagraph Company of America."

ELEVEN years flew past. I was twenty-two and met a man named Hollister who was production manager for Alexander Film Company in Spokane, Washington. Alexander made advertising films on exactly the same order as you watch on television today, except that they were sensibly done and were shown only between the feature film and the one-reel comedy or news reel, and at your favorite neighborhood theatre instead of in your home. I will swear that Alexander turned out more appealing stuff than ninety per cent of the junk that irritates the viewer now. There was no appeal to ignorance, sex, greed, or any insults to one's intelligence.

Hollister and I hit it off like a team of two stubborn but virtuous and determined mules. I would write the scenarios (in my spare time, of course, because I had another steady job) for twenty-five feet of film.

Suppose Alexander had contracts with twenty different business concerns in twenty different Western cities, which sold coal and wood. Alexander would make twenty-five feet of film with straight advertising for each of these twenty customers in twenty cities where they had contracts with appropriate movie theatres to show advertising between changes of program. Example:

YAKIMA FUEL COMPANY
1416 State Street
Telephone Lakeside 3297
Sixteen-inch dry pine stove wood
$8.00 per cord
Clean Cle Elum lump coal
$12.00 per ton

Each of the twenty theatres would receive an additional twenty-five feet of film to precede or follow the name of the fuel company customer of Alexander in its particular community. These scenarios were produced by free lance writers or by Alexander's employes. Example:

SETTING—Scene opens showing yard or driveway of attractive home at location where fuel is to be unloaded when ordered from fuel company.

ACTION—Large dump truck backs into scene as truck body upends and load of coal slides off to form a pyramid on the ground.

A portion of the "Floor of Fame" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. Many of the world's greatest stars have left their hand and footprints permanently pressed into cement at this famous nightspot.

DISSOLVE TO—A scene appears in the center of the pyramid in which is seen a happy mother and father sitting with their two young children before a cheery fire in fireplace.

FADE IN WORDING AT BOTTOM—We can bring you a heap of happiness.

I received $1.50 for the above scenario. I saw it filmed, sat in Alexander's projection room where the film was criticised and edited, then went to a Yakima theatre and saw it on the silver screen. I had become a full-fledged free lance scenario writer making from four to eight dollars a week in my spare time and writing the stuff mostly on a portable typewriter on my knees while traveling by steam railroad in my regular job.

A NEW motion picture outfit called Big Chief Films was being organized in Seattle. At my request they sent me promotion literature explaining how great were the profits to be made by buying stock in a new company. I wrote them as if I were quite an author. Why not? Wasn't I selling several scenarios a week to Alexander? Why need I explain that each was for only twenty-five feet of film?

I never purchased any stock in this company but I found I had established correspondence with the president of the company, a man named Henty Hellen, who would be willing to read a sample of my work, preferably a hilarious type of one-reel comedy.

The result was "How Brief Is Bliss," with characters bearing such names as Rola Pastry, Hamon Neggs and Sam Wich, which I thought would be very appetizing.

Hellen was impressed with my obvious talents (?). He accepted "How Brief Is Bliss" to be produced within ninety days. A check was to come to me for my masterpiece as soon as shooting began. And it all worked out within ninety days as Hellen had promised, but a little differently than we both hoped. Big Chief Films entered receivership. My own manuscript came back, together with Big Chief's finished script containing instructions for cameramen and actors for actually shooting the picture. Mr. Hellen wrote a nice letter. He was as sorry to be out of the movie business as I was, but one can't very well make a movie when already owes more money than one has, can one? I still have the letters and "How Brief Is Bliss." I had chosen an appropriate name, had I not?

Three years later I was in Los Angeles. They were holding the most extravagant "Previews," "Opening Nights," and "Grand Openings" anyone could imagine. Charlie Chaplin, Charles Ray, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, John Barrymore! They all came in chauffeur-driven limousines, evening clothes and jewelry, to see themselves and each other at Sid Grauman's Chinese or Egyptian Theatre. They were impressing their hands, their bare feet, and even their "profiles" in fresh cement.

The great frame set where Fairbanks had just filmed "The Thief of Bagdad" was a large skeleton in the heart of Hollywood. In some of the most luxurious theatres ever built, a gorgeous girl usher in Oriental or Middle East costume escorted you to your seat with a flashlight guiding your steps down the lushly carpeted aisle, while she accepted the stub of your sixty-five cent admission ticket.

The hushed audience sat spellbound as a fifty-piece live orchestra rose, already playing wonderful music on the way up from the depths of an enormous orchestra pit. The entire orchestra platform, the musicians and their instruments were lifted silently into view by hydraulic elevating apparatus. When the overture was finished, the faultless silent picture began.

All of this I saw and appreciated, while apartment houses were being constructed so rapidly and the telephone company's installations became so far behind in orders that tenants stood in line for a turn to use one telephone hurriedly installed in the hallway, not yet carpeted, of a forty- or fifty-unit

(Continued on page 38)

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Wild Old Days!

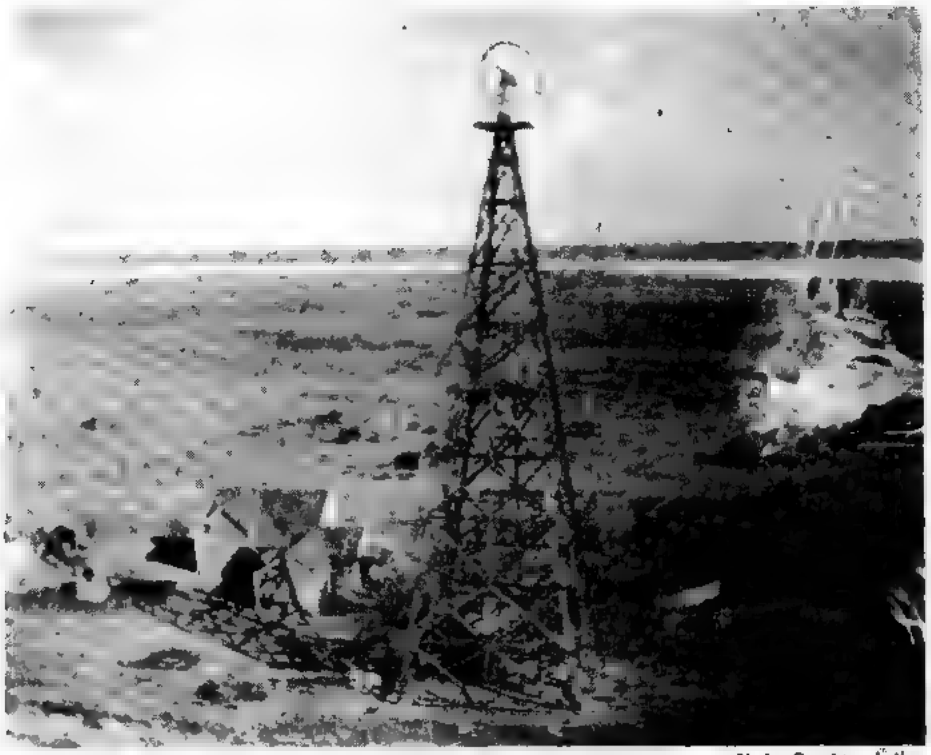


Photo Courtesy Author

The old LFD Ranch windmill—a longtime West Texas landmark.

AN OLD WINDMILL

By Naomi M. Wood

I WONDER if the old landmark is still standing—the windmill at the headquarters ranch of the L F D Ranch in the Yellow House Canyon near Lubbock, Texas? The tower was 120 feet tall; the platform at the top was 16 feet square. I think it was an "Eclipse."

I can't remember just what year my father said it was put up, but it was before he married in 1895 that he worked at the L F D Ranch when this windmill was installed. It had to be greased every six months and my father was one of the two who climbed the tower. He said it made a man feel pretty insignificant to stand on that high perch and look out over the plains.

While he was working there, a young Negro called "Add" (Father never heard any other name of his), was also working for the L F D. Father said he was a mighty good cowboy and a very likeable person. Some of you may have sung or at least read the song, "Whose Old Cow?", written by N. Howard (Jack) Thorpe. It mentions Add as a "dictionary on earmarks and brands." Well, my father said that Add really did know more about all the brands and earmarks of those ranches in that part of Texas than anyone else he ever knew.

Many, many years later, in 1919, A. E. (Shorty) Norton and a friend needed some cash to see them through the next summer, so they decided to let their homesteads take care of themselves for a while. They had heard of the high wages being paid to pick cotton and hoped they could make a lot of money quick. Well, it didn't work out just that way for Shorty. He had been a cowpuncher too long to ever make a cotton-picker. He tried picking standing up, then he tried it crawling on his knees, and then back to standing, but he just couldn't get much cotton in that old sack. He never had but about 150 pounds, while Jack, picking alongside him would have 350 or sometimes 400.

One morning Shorty told Jack, "I'm going to get 200 pounds today—or quit."

At the noon weighing, he had 100 pounds, so he thought the rest would be easy. But when they weighed up, just before sundown, he only had 75 pounds.

"I'm going back and pick that twenty-five pounds if it takes till plumb dark," Shorty said. And back to the patch he went. When he came in, because it was so dark he couldn't see the bolls, he just had twenty pounds. Still lacking five pounds, he threw that cotton sack down, stepped on it and said, "I never was cut out to be a cotton picker nohow."

That night he wrote to his sister out in New Mexico, to ship him his saddle and spurs. When they came in, he got a job on the old L F D Ranch, breaking bronks.

The old windmill was standing tall, turning majestically in that everlasting Texas wind, bringing up water for all the needs of the headquarters.

And yes, Add was still there, just as faithfully doing his duties. He did not do much far riding then, but he did his fair share of what work had to be done. Shorty said he lived in a little house built near the big bunkhouse. Shorty enjoyed listening to Add tell of the old days there in Yellow House Canyon.

One mild, warm day in January, Shorty was out on the prairie giving one of the bronks a lesson in neck-reining when he happened to look to the north and saw a blue-black cloud coming up. Shorty had lived where the Blue Northers play, so he knew what that cloud meant. He turned his bronk toward the ranch and hit a lope.

Shorty was about three miles from the house. Before he had gone a mile, the cloud had overtaken him and it was getting cold fast. By the time he got to the stable there was a real old Texas Norther, full of sleety snow, in full blast. It lasted three days. When it cleared up, they found where a bunch of steers had drifted against a barb-wire fence and frozen to death.

Shorty got the unpleasant job of skinning those steers to save the hides.

He would ride a bronk out to that stack of steers, tie it to one of the carcasses, and start skinning. He would skin three or four, then ride back to the ranch and change mounts. Some of those horses sure didn't want to go near that pile of dead animals, the skinned ones looking twice as big as normal. But Shorty said it was a pretty good way of teaching a horse to stand pat, being tied to something he couldn't drag. A wagon from the ranch would arrive late in the afternoon to pick up the hides.

When it came time to grease the gears of the old windmill that spring, Shorty was one of two who volunteered to climb the tower. He said the ladder seemed big the first thirty feet, then began to feel mighty narrow. By the time he got up 120 feet he was hugging that ladder. The 16-foot square platform seemed about the size of a bandana—but the 12-foot wheel looked as big as a Ferris wheel at a county fair. When Shorty took a long look out over the plains, looking west and with the wind blowing in his face, he said he seemed to smell the cedar and piñons of New Mexico.

He climbed down, went up to the Big House, and called for his time. Before he packed his warbag, he got out his little Kodak and took a picture of the windmill.

Then he sacked up his saddle and spurs, packed his gear and caught a

westbound train for Magdalena, New Mexico. From there it was only a short ride of sixty miles to his homestead. He found it and his stock all right after his long absence.

He used to show his picture to friends and say, "That is the highest I ever climbed up in the air."

ATLANTIS OF THE FAR NORTH

By Frank Peach

CALIFORNIA has its Bodie and Hornitos and numerous other ghost and gold rush towns of the last century—settlements which owed their existence to the lure of precious metal.

There is also Laketon, a forgotten village far to the north in Canada.

In the summer of 1944 my bush pilot and I were flying over the Cassiar Mountains of northern British Columbia and were suddenly surprised at the sight of what appeared to be a town directly beneath us. None of our maps or charts indicated a settlement of any kind in the area. Yielding to curiosity, we landed on a nearby lake and made our way through the dense woods to this apparently forgotten "metropolis" of the north.

We could find no living soul. The cabins were furnished, everything intact, as though their occupants had gone out, expecting to return. Most of the doors were secured by heavy padlocks; yet we entered the most imposing of the structures by simply opening the door.

The table, chairs and shelves—everything—were covered with decades of dust. We determined that this cabin had been the home and office of the gold commissioner, the most prestigious member of the community. His desk disclosed many fascinating documents and papers, including weather records, copies of which had apparently been sent to the "Dominión Meteorologist, Nanimo." Entries consisted only of temperature and depth of snow.

The commissioner's name had been Lovell. We assumed that he had been a cripple, for we discovered a pair of crutches and a wooden leg in one room. Musty, discolored papers further revealed that the village had been known as Laketon, Cassiar (after the nearby mountains), and that the population at one time was nearly fifteen hundred.

A wall calendar indicated September 1882. Since much of the equipment, including firearms, appeared to be American-made, we concluded that the migrating pioneers had been largely American.

Toward the center of town we came upon the saloon. Immediately our imaginations conjured up pictures of lusty gold-seekers fighting over pokes of gold, or over a handful of profit-minded women who sought their share of the precious metal.

Reluctantly we took off, and watched this tiny dot of a town merge into the wilderness as our plane soared above it. We were never able to obtain official information concerning Laketon. But it did exist—and had once attracted a goodly number of adventurers who could not resist the call to blaze new trails.

Donald Spiers of Winnipeg, Manitoba, a weather observer for the Canadian Department of Transport during World War II, can confirm this improbable tale. I was a staff sergeant weather observer with the 16th Weather Squadron, U. S. Army Air Corps, and worked with Mr. Spiers at Watson Lake, Yukon Territory.

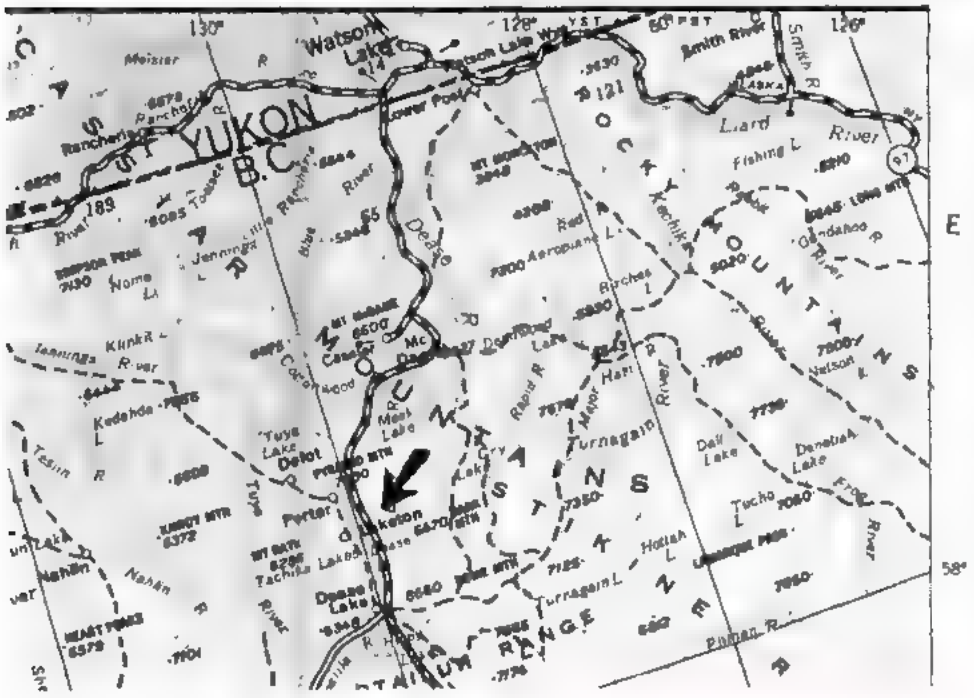
Editor's note: A letter from S. W. Horrall, historian of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa states, "There is a settlement approximately thirty miles north of Dease Lake called Laketon. This is a very isolated area and much of the land is swamp. There are no residents in the Laketon area."

Another letter from Geoff Castle, archivist with the Provincial Archives, Victoria, states, "According to *Henderson's 1898 British Columbia Directory*, Laketon was a trading post, formerly Hudson Bay, and listed four entries. They were Calbreath, Cook & Co., general merchants and packers; Hudson's Bay Co., represented by Stuart Smith; Wm. McPherson, manager, C. C. & Co.; and James Porter, Gold Commissioner and Government Agent.

"Apparently there never was a townsite plan, nor a post office. The place was no longer listed in the directories after 1920 and the name does not appear on [our] maps. This pattern of nondevelopment is quite common among gold mining and other mining towns around the turn of the century. Laketon was shown in the *B. C. Gazetteer, 1965* as a locality only. Although Laketon was formerly known as Sylvester's Landing, neither name is now in use."

Map points out the location of Laketon, British Columbia, a long-forgotten settlement.

Map Courtesy U.S. Geological Survey, Department of the Interior



STUDY IN HONESTY

By May Howell Dodson

MANY YEARS AGO a family in Virginia, good honest people, became intrigued with prospects in the West. The father had passed away and his three sons were laboring to support the widowed mother and a small sister. After a time they made their way to New Mexico. None of the three boys had ever handled cattle, but they were sure a fortune was to be made in that business.

Walter and John Long invested heavily in stock, but had no knowledge of what was required to run cattle. After a droughty, windy season they realized the precariousness of their venture. When pay day to the bank came, they had no way of paying off the loans. Prices of cattle had dropped very low; the cattle were poor and there was no market.

Grantland, the older of the three brothers, moved to El Paso, Texas and became successful in the banking business. Walter and John had no prospects but were too honest to claim bankruptcy and turned to sheep. Taking a herd on shares they established a sheep camp. With the help of experienced native herders, things began to brighten, although due to previous bad relations between sheep and cattle owners, the brothers were not too well liked by their employes.

Walter had to make a trip to Las Vegas on business, and left John at the camp. During the night an argument took place around the campfire, and John was murdered. Ed Settles, a friend, witnessed the crime. Having good knowledge of the Spanish language he then heard the fellows say that they would have to do away with Ed to keep him from revealing the murderer. Quietly and unnoticed Ed slipped beyond the light of the campfire and hid in a juniper bush. He could hear the men looking for him, but he remained hidden until the fire

(Continued on page 39)

The Wild West That Flickered

(Continued from page 35)

apartment house. That was how rapidly people were moving West in what was never properly named "The Movie Rush" or "The Gold Rush That Flickered."

At last I was in Hollywood. I was in the heart of movieland. And my guardian angel was whispering to me, "Don't let it fool you. Remember that Caesar was ambitious and look what happened to him. Don't get tangled up in it. You'll never get loose." It was a strange philosophy which I have never been able to explain even to myself. I spent half a day watching Harold Lloyd making a picture wherein he teetered, tottered, tripped and zig-zagged along the coping of the building across the street from my office twelve stories above the busy street. I went through studios and enjoyed the shows, but I never made one attempt to contact a movie management or write a word for the movies.

It was some three to five million words of professional writing, and thirty-two years later, quite incidental and accidental, that I sold Warner Brothers television rights to a story from which they filmed the Maverick episode "High Card Hangs." My wife and I watched a re-run of it a few weeks ago, the fifth or sixth time we have seen it.

I learned from Alexander Film Company in 1921 that if you can help bring others a "Heap of Happiness," you may also find a "heap" left for yourself, and it won't burn away like coal in the fireplace or get lost or confused like virtue did in the "Flicks." (In the early days moving pictures were called "the Flicks" and a close examination of pieces of film, which Ray Robinson gave me, plainly shows why.)

Well who knows—if the recent threat of invading the theatres with commercials really come to pass, one-reel silent comedy entertainment like "How Brief Is Bliss" may be revived too.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

ham, Washington, and then there was John and others whose names I have forgotten.

The reading room-lobby of the Ohio was heated by a wood stove, a cubicle about ten feet by twelve feet that served as the evening meeting room for this clan, with many a tale of Northwest mining related and old arguments rehashed.

The youngest of the clan was around sixty years of age; nevertheless, a general knock-down, drag-out was not uncommon. And at times death would stalk the musty black hallways where the smell of Bull Durham and "Apple Andy" mingled with odors of cheap cooking, dirty garments, unwashed linens, and the jail-like smell of death.

One of the favorite pastimes was rolling drunks that happened by to sleep it off in larger front rooms after paying $1.00 for the flop. And then there was the "fish pole through the transom" act that did provide some revenue for the regular tenants.

From time to time an active hustler would arrive with her customer to bring the attention of the clan to the desk, and enrich the till by another dollar.

Skid Row? No, not really. This was another world, above and apart from the Main Street crowd and the other nearby taverns and flop houses. Unique in the fact that this was another breed of men, a breed of men distinct in the fact that they had the physical abilities at seventy-five of most men at about forty. Distinct also in the fact that one of their number was a schoolteacher, another a retired naval officer, and all were unlike the immediate outside world in that all were very well read, and when sober were among the most charming and friendly rascals I have ever met!

Since Sunday was a dry day (mornings) after Saturday night up and down Main Street, bootlegging was a common practice that helped buy grub and beverages for the staff, and the tenants as well.

By way of entertainment, about once a week some wayward logger or farm hand would wander up the stairs and when asked to depart would forthwith decide to whip the night clerk, which always proved to be a big mistake, for the simple reason that the theory was that if they were out cold they slid down the stairs and outside much more readily.

(This routine, among others, was a no-no at the old Chicago, where I held sway all night long with a hidden night stick.)

Since my lines are about retired miners I will get back to the Ohio Hotel again and mention one of the attitudes that prevailed among the men, and that was that no visiting friend, down on his luck, was ever turned away hungry. But that was just about as far as the ethics went.

I have spent a good share of my life on cattle ranches, wheat spreads, extra ganga, skid rows, and hobo jungles, but of all the burly, rough and tough characters I have ever been associated with, these tramp miners in their retirement years were probably the most unusual, often brutal, charming and cheerful scalawags that were among my friends in those years of the not-so-distant past.

The Grim Reaper took his toll, the nursing homes took others, some moved off down the line to other cities, other flop houses, and more than likely there may still be other unique clans of men holed up in common bond, by occupational relationship and mutual interest, in other areas of the West.

The last time I saw that huge Ohio Hotel night clerk, who was my friend, I left him standing in front of Al Morse recreation center on Main Street in downtown Spokane, crying like a baby, because we knew that this was the end of a way of life for most of us, perhaps the end of an era for the destruction of that environment that sheltered those hard rock men from the Metaline, the Butte, the Couer d'Alene, and the other Idaho Districts.

I went on to carry the message for alcoholics, and into a new life, a new attitude, and the peaceful boredom of the ways of the rank and file across the land.

We are sure that the "Old Man Upstairs" was up there all of the time, with His eye on those hard rock clowns all of the time. And even more sure that same observation is still underway as these old years roll by, and we sit and read Blackie's tales of Americana, in which so many of us played a vital part. —Wayne D. Stamps, 1411 S. Tyee Ave., Wenatchee, Washinton 98801

Trail Tragedy

(Continued from page 31)

Years passed, echoes of hoofbeats and the rumble of ox-drawn wagons long since had died out along the Oregon Trail. Sounds of another generation, the jangle of heavy machinery, the pounding rhythm of oil pumps now shattered the stillness of this lonely, silent land. That very activity was to bring to light a long-kept secret.

In the mid-1930s a crew of oil men was working in the sage fifteen miles east of Casper when, in a clutter of rocks, one of the men noticed a certain flat stone that seemed to bear an inscription on one side.

"Indian pictographs," he guessed. He was wrong. When surface dirt was scraped away it was seen that the inscribed letters and figures formed an epitaph. They then knew that the pile of rocks covered a grave.

AN oil journal published the report of these prospectors in which the finding of the grave was mentioned. This report came to the attention of our family through an Oklahoma relative and there were those of us who, recalling the story told us by our elders years before, realized that Uncle Caleb's mission back to his baby girl's grave was now known.

It was learned that some years before, plans for a new road showed that a proposed highway would pass directly over the little grave. Sympathetic hands moved the casket to a spot thirty feet north of the original burial place, carved a replica of the inscription on another flat stone and buried the original stone face down with the casket.

The Wyoming State Historical Society mounted the new stone on a concrete base, and standing prominently on the Wyoming plain it remains a reminder of the trials and tragedies of the Oregon Trail years.

This is the stone we look for today, when nieces and nephews of Caleb Magill, now in our later years, go on a pilgrimage, both historical and sentimental, following a secondary road to the little grave near the Platte. This is the place where, over a century ago, a quiet young man from Missouri found some consolation for his sharp grief in working for hours to carve into a stone a few letters and figures:

ADA
THE DAUGHTER OF
C. W. & N. C. MAGILL
DIED JULY 3, 1864

Uncle Caleb never returned to Wyoming. He died in 1902 in Ontario, California, never knowing that the reason

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for his journey back to the grave would ever be revealed. Nor could he have guessed that someday, because of the crude monument he left there, Ada's burial place would be marked forever.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 37)

died down and the herders left. Then, running with his boots in hand, he got away.

A few days later my mother was startled one afternoon by the appearance of a strange man peering around the corner of her porch. Because of his heavy beard, tousled hair, and bare feet, Mother did not recognize him at first, but in the Western tradition of hospitality, she invited him to a seat. He identified himself and told her of the death of John and how his feet had swollen so badly he could not use his boots. He had hidden during daylight and traveled by night until he reached our ranch. After giving him food, Mother let him rest.

The next morning Mother hitched the team to a light buggy and took him to Louis Bays' ranch eight miles away. Mr. Bays took a wagon and made him a pallet in the bottom and took him to Anton Chico where he swore out a peace bond.

SHORTLY after Mother returned home, Walter Long stopped to spend the night before going on to his camp. When she told him of the tragedy he left immediately. He found his brother's body lying where he had fallen. The place was deserted.

Walter loaded John's body into a light wagon and passed our ranch again on his way to Anton Chico. There he secured a coffin and clean clothes, and had John buried in the little cemetery. The future looked bleak.

Some time later he recovered the scattered sheep and established a camp not far from Roswell. When shipping time came, he had the sheep driven to the Las Vegas stockyards for shipment to market in Kansas City or Chicago.

When time came to sell, Walter wrote to brokers. He designated the nature of his herd. He had so many first class, so many seconds and so many culls. The brokers usually came to see the stock, but in Walter's case they took his word and were never disappointed or misled. Eventually he married a young girl in Roswell, and provided her with a good home, horse and buggy, although he himself had to remain at the sheep camp. His determination to get out of debt never wavered.

Several years afterward I was on a train crossing the plains when the train stopped at a small station to take on passengers. Looking out the window I saw Walter Long and exclaimed about seeing him. "Yes," my seatmate said, "that is Walter Long. Do you know that his wool crop this year was the heaviest in the state of New Mexico?"

After all this time, that remark remains one of the most pleasant bits of news I ever received. Perhaps it was the elation I felt that honesty really did prevail.

FIRST WOMAN DENTIST

By Eileen Charbo

A MAN and/or his pocketbook are said to have been back of most good deeds done in this world. The kindness of Dr. Samuel Wardle helped a girl named Lucy Hobbs distinguish herself as the first woman dentist. He was to her as Isabella was to Columbus.

In 1833 Lucy was born to Benjamin and Lucy Hobbs in Franklin County, New York. There were nine other children in the family, but four brothers were nearest her. When Lucy was sixteen, the mother died and the family scattered. Lucy taught school for a pittance and read medical books in a home where she boarded.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Lucy Hobbs Taylor

Then an idea came into her small neat head and she never got it out. She wanted desperately to be a doctor or dentist. The only college she knew which admitted women was in Cincinnati, so that city became her goal.

On arrival there, Lucy found that the school had recently rescinded its rule of admitting women. She went from office to office, first the doctors' then the dentists', asking if she might study with them. She was turned down for various reasons. One feared for his practice. One was outraged. Another fancied her foolish and incapable. One consented to allow her to clean his office and observe his work. This she did, still canvassing other places.

At last she met Dr. Wardle. He talked at length with Lucy, then told her to make a place for herself in his office. To him belongs the honor of opening the door of the dental profession to women. Lucy rented a tiny attic room. With an able thimble, she sewed to earn her morning meal and room rent.

The lessons she did not find hard for she loved the work. She had manual dexterity that showed in her strong hands and forearms. By March 1861, she felt prepared to enter the Ohio Dental College. The shocked professors refused to admit her.

Dr. Wardle advised Lucy Hobbs to start practice without a diploma. Many practitioners were not graduates, but Lucy felt thwarted and was determined not to rest until she attended college. Meantime, letters from home said her brothers had enlisted in the Union army. Benjamin, nearest and dearest to her, was to die early in the war.

She opened a small office on 4th Street in Cincinnati. The war had begun in April. Business in this buffer-city was paralyzed. A penniless girl could not survive where experienced practitioners were failing each week.

Lucy took an opportunity to ride to Iowa with a family who offered transportation. There in the little town of Bellevue she hung out her shingle and suffered hard times for a year. In 1862 she moved to McGregor, Iowa. Here, things began looking up. On this classless frontier where performance was more important than tradition, she made her mark. By the end of the year, she bought a dentist's chair for $100 and was wonderfully proud. "Since nine-tenths of a dentist's customers are women, why shouldn't I be one?" asked this girl whose office was sometimes filled with men who came to look on her as a curiosity then returned as patients. Word went around slowly, but it was accurate, and it was flattering.

The next year Lucy had $3,000 on her account ledger. The sky had brightened. Many Iowans had begun to hear of the girl who pulled teeth.

The Iowa Dental Association, composed entirely of men, sent her an invitation to attend their convention. She pinned on her hat and shawl, locked her office door and stuck a handwritten sign on it, and went.

She had put up a six-year struggle, so professional recognition was wonderful. The by-laws had to be changed, but she was admitted as a member of the Association.

NEW TIMES and new ideas came, as they always do, following a terrible war. In 1865, a girl with the Iowa Dental Association backing her, as well as her own well-filled purse, was something for the Ohio Dental College to contend with.

Lucy was chosen as the Iowa delegate to the American Dentists Convention in Chicago. Soon a formal request was made for her admittance to the Ohio college. After much soul searching and considerable dispute among board members, the college answered the request affirmatively.

Lucy's instructor was Professor J. Taft, later prominent at Michigan University. In 1866 he wrote the following about Miss Hobbs: "She was a woman of great energy and perseverance, modest and unassuming. She had the respect and kind regard of every member of the class and faculty. She was not surpassed by her associates, and her assistance was sought in different cases almost daily by fellow students . . . the class, though the largest, excelled all previous classes in decorum and order. This condition was

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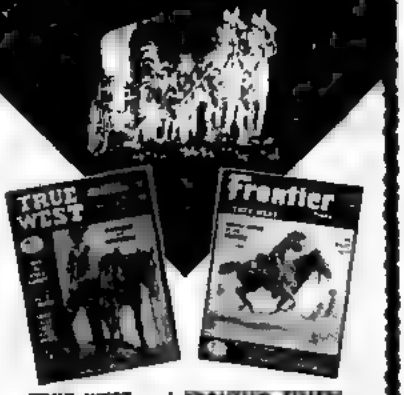

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largely due to the presence of the lady. In the final examination, she was second to none." She graduated from the Ohio Dental College, 1866, D.D.S.

For eight years, Lucy Hobbs was reportedly the only woman dentist in the world. Dental journals carried her story across the ocean. In Berlin, Germany Henriette Hirshfield was fired by this success story and sailed for the United States. She was reluctantly admitted to the Philadelphia College and was graduated in 1869.

In 1867, Lucy Hobbs married Dr. James H. Taylor whom she had met at a dental meeting in Chicago. For a time they practiced there but moved West for his health. He had never recovered from the rigors of the war years served in Company I, Eleventh Illinois infantry. Eventually he gave up his practice and worked part time at ornamental painting until his death in 1886.

The Taylors lived in Lawrence, Kansas where she opened her office on December 1, 1867. For years she had the largest practice in the area. Here was her life and her work. She was much loved and respected. Her tastes, socially, ran to organizations that permitted women to develop as individuals. She was an officer in the Woman's Relief Corps, was matron of the Eastern Star, and was the first Lawrence Sister to become a Grand Noble in the Rebekah organization. . .

Before Lucy died in 1910, she handed her practice on to a young man and tapered off with a single chair in her home on Vermont Street where she "pulled and plugged and straightened and repaired" the teeth of her favorite patients—children.

SOMETHING NOT DONE

By Walter W. Gann

I'VE been around quite a lot—here, there and other places. I've done a few things— some good and some that I'm not proud of, but I'm not exactly ashamed of them either. There are also some things I wanted to do that I never got done.

I had always thought it would be fun to ride my horse into a saloon; just once around to scatter the pool players and the chair-warming loafers at the other tables before riding out. I tried it once, but didn't get very far with it.

It was 'way back in 1909 in the little town of Ismay, Montana. I was punching cows and working on the Powder River Pool roundup. The boss, Neil Boyle, sent me with my string of horses to rep with the Terry and Ismay outfit. Asa Kempton, a part Sioux Indian, was running the wagon. Ace was sort of easy going, and one day while we were working within a few miles of Ismay, he consented for some of us to go to town and play around a little.

We were cutting up some in town—like boys did once in a while—which amused some of the people and annoyed others, depending on how they looked at it. There was a rumor floating around, however, that we were about to shoot up the town, which was a fallacy. There wasn't an habitual pistol-toter in the bunch.

We were lucky that Russell Jones, the deputy sheriff, wasn't around. If he had been, he would have either put the run on us out of town, or locked us up in the little two by four calaboose which was about the size of four phone booths put together, and looked more like a corn crib than a jail house.

We had done about everything worth doing when I said to one of the fellows, "Let's go down and ride into that saloon."

He said, "O K," and away we went.

There were two saloons in town. I don't know what might have happened if we had tried the other one, but as it turned out, we sure picked the wrong one. We had been in and out of the place at different times earlier in the day, and the bartender had dished up the drinks. But by the time we got ready to make our pass, the shift had changed and the owner had come on duty. We didn't know anything about him, but we soon learned that he was not the kind who would lie down to be run over. I also learned later that he had been quite a man in times past.

He was a sunburned, sort of squint-eyed ex-Texas cowhand who had come up with one of the N Bar N herds more than twenty years before. He had stayed on and run a roundup wagon for the outfit as long as they were in business. I have forgotten his surname, but I do remember that on account of his East Texas or Louisiana accent, he got the nickname of "Nigger" Bob. If anybody called him by that name within his hearing, though, they wouldn't make the mistake a second time.

When the N Bar disposed of their Montana holdings in the early 1900s and put three roundup wagons out on the range to gather 18,000 cattle, Bob's outfit turned over 9,900 of them. (Charlie Russell got the inspiration to paint the picture he titled "A Bronc For Breakfast" from an incident that happened one morning at Bob's camp.)

During all those years Bob had been reasonably provident and had saved his wages. When he found himself out of a job he was able to settle down into the easy chair of a saloonkeeper. It was considered a respectable business so long as it was conducted by a respectable man.

That was the kind of a guy whose saloon we intended to use as a short-time playhouse. If we had got inside, the time would have been shorter!

It was a hot day and the traditional bat-wing doors were fastened back against the face of the building to help the ventilation. There it was—an unobstructed, wide open door just holding out an invitation. Bob was standing behind the bar as we approached.

When we got our horses' front feet on the sidewalk, which was eighteen inches above street level, he picked up a shotgun and walked to the end of the bar. He set the gun butt down on the floor and held onto the barrel. "Come on in, boys," he said in that easy, accented drawl. "Ride in—if you feel like

it. But I'll have to get somebody to carry you out. I'll blow the head off every s-o-b that rides through that door!"

That made me sort of stop and think. Evidently my pardner was thinking faster. He said, "Aw, come on. Let's leave him alone. He don't want to play."

My pardner was three or four years older than I was, and a lot tougher. If he was ready to pull in his horns, I figured it was a good time for me to do the same thing.

We were saved from embarrassment because as we were backing away, one of the other fellows from camp came running up and yelled, "Russell Jones has just come into town and stopped at the post office. We'd better be getting out while getting is good!" And that is what we did.

I never saw Bob after that and I don't know as I cared to meet him again unless it would be under different circumstances. And somehow, I lost all desire to ride into a saloon. There was always the chance that I might meet up with somebody else nicknamed "Nigger" something or other.

Kiowa Raiders

(Continued from page 18)

Big Tree's jugular. He thought he had cut it, as Big Tree went down, and all the flesh from his left jaw fell down on his neck and began pouring out great spurts of blood.

Adkins got back in his wagon, clucked to the horses, and drove on out of the Indian Territory with his bride, and into New Mexico, where at Santa Rosa he sold the horses and the Studebaker wagon, and took the newly built Southern Pacific to California.

MY FATHER finally decided that either he wasn't a cattleman, or the Kiowa Nation was no place to be one, and he too moved to California when I was thirteen years old, although he had no such cloud hanging over him as had the youthful William Adkins.

But after more than fifty years away from Sugar Creek, the magnet of little Rainy Mountain began drawing me back, and the nostalgia of it finally moved me to telephone the Indian Agency at Anadarko. I asked for the name of any elderly Kiowa who had kept up with the history of the famous old chiefs and subchiefs I had known and heard about when I was a boy in the Kiowa Nation.

They furnished me with the name of Parker McKenzie, an eighty-year-old Kiowa who lived at Mountain View and who not only knew most of the old Indians personally but was writing a book on the Kiowa language.

I contacted him by letter, and he replied that he would be very happy to meet me and furnish me what information he could concerning the old Kiowa warriors.

I met him at his home, which was on a government land allotment to his maternal grandmother, Peah-mah, the Kiowa wife of Quetón, the famous warrior and medicine man captured by the Comanches in Mexico and bartered to the Kiowas as a boy.

The land allotment lay along the south banks of the Washita River, about a mile and a half northeast of Mountain View.

Parker McKenzie was a small, erect man and I had already decided from my correspondence with him that he was a man of great erudition and humor. He told me he was born in his grandmother's tipi in a Kiowa encampment in the shadows of Rainy Mountain when the Indians had assembled there for a biannual annuity payment from the government in 1897.

I asked him how he got his strange name. "My paternal grandfather had a Kiowa name, which was hard to pronounce even by the Indians," he said, "General Lanard MacKenzie, who was commanding officer at Fort Sill when my grandfather was small, allotted a goodly amount of beef cattle to the Kiowas one time during a drought, and my father adopted his last name. The Indian Agency changed the spelling of it from MacKenzie to McKenzie, which seemed to be all right with my grandfather."

"What did your grandfather use for a first name?" I asked him.

"He didn't have any," Parker said. "He made up for that though when my father was born. He named him 'General'—so all through life he was General McKenzie."

I asked him about his maternal grandfather, Quetón. "The Comanches brought him up from Mexico as a captive when he was a small boy. He couldn't remember much about his background, but did remember his name had been 'Estéban.' They called him that for several years and finally gave him the name of Quetón. He wasn't a very large man, and I suppose I get my small size from him. Most of the Kiowas are big. Quetón, though," he said, and he said it proudly, "grew up to be one of the fiercest of the Kiowa warriors and a medicine man."

He was certainly right about Quetón. History has shown that he was in most of the raiding operations from the 1860s until the Kiowas laid down their weapons and moved onto the reservations in the late 1870s. He rode with all the famous chiefs—Satanta, Satank, Big Tree, Lone Wolf, Big Bow, Poor Buffalo, Gotebo, Komalty, and others. And many are the heroic deeds told of him. This is strange, too, as the captives-turned-warriors usually got small notice for their heroism, regardless of how praiseworthy it was.

"The native tongue of my grandfather, Quetón," Parker told me, "had all but gotten away from him by the time he was a youth, for by then he was speaking Kiowa fluently. His change in environment was complete, and he became a Kiowa warrior."

I asked McKenzie how he got his first name of "Parker," thinking he was probably given it in honor of the Great Comanche chief, Quanah Parker. This wasn't the reason at all. "They were

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building the Rock Island Railroad through here when I was born," he said. "There was a construction foreman named Parker here, and his wife was along with him. She cornered a couple of the Kiowas who could speak English and told them she wanted to see a Kiowa papoose. They knew I had just been born out on Rainy Mountain Creek—so they took her and her husband out there by wagon.

"When my mother, Ah-kaun-dona, realized that a white woman and her husband had driven all the way out from present-day Mountain View to see her papoose, she named me after them. That's where the 'Parker' came in. I think as long as Quanah Parker lived he thought I was named after him, but it wasn't true."

He told me that Mountain View was first established north of the Washita in the 1890s, under another name, and that it was moved across the river in 1903 to a new townsite which straddled the newly constructed Rock Island, when the Cheyenne-Arapaho reservation was opened to white settlement.

"My parents enrolled me and an older brother at the famous old Rainy Mountain Boarding School for Kiowa children," Parker went on. "They put us in there about a month before the June 1904 closing, so as to accustom us to boarding school life.

"Neither of our parents had ever been to school a day in their lives, nor could they speak one word of English," he laughed. "My brother and I couldn't either, and it was a hard life there for a while, as they wouldn't even let us speak Kiowa on the playground. Of course, when we'd get all worked up on the playing field in some sort of competitive game there was no force on earth which could keep us from talking Kiowa to one another, and it was usually in such a strident tone that the boys' advisor would come hurrying out and put a stop to it."

We were sitting in his little office at his neat little home on a rise above the Washita. His wife, a full-blood Kiowa, was sitting in the front yard, brushing the vicious little gnats away from her face. "The Rainy Mountain School was a governmental operation," he continued, "founded in the middle 1890s, as a treaty-term for the education of us Kiowa kids. Do you remember it?" he asked.

"Sure do," I replied. "We went to a little one-room school about three miles south of it called Rocky Hill School. Whenever it would snow, we'd make up a bunch of hard snowballs and get on our horses and ride over to the Indian school at Rainy Mountain and have snowball fights with them. We'd make believe we were the cavalry form Fort Sill, and they'd pretend they were warriors under Big Tree and Big Bow."

"Speaking of Big Bow," Parker said, "he was a half-brother of my Grandmother Peah-mah. He was one of the most belligerent of the Kiowa fighters."

I COULDN'T dispute that. Big Bow was once described by Thomas C. Battey, the Indian Agent who wrote *The Life and Adventures of a Quaker Among the Indians* in 1876: "An Indian rode up to me, asking me if I knew him. I at once recognized in him the notorious Kiowa raider, Big Bow, who has probably killed and scalped more white people than any other living Kiowa; and who, with his brother raider, White Horse, has been for years the terror of the frontiers, not only of Texas, but of Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico. These two men, with small companies of braves, have been continually going up and down, not as roaring lions, but prowling about in secret, seeking whom they might destroy; and woe to the white man, woman or child, who fell in their way."

The author (left) with Parker McKenzie, near Mountain View, Oklahoma.

In 1873, Big Bow and White Horse had refused to settle on the reservation. They had raided a family named Lee in Texas, killing four of the family and capturing the other three. They sold the captives to Kicking Bird, who delivered them to the Kiowa Agency.

Big Bow was the grandson of the original Big Bow who was killed during the winter of 1884. He took the name of the original, and outdid him in terrorist activities. His Kiowa name was Zepkoette. He was in the infamous raiding party with Satanta, Big Tree, Satank, and others against the Warren wagontrain, at which time most of the wagon drivers were killed. Satanta, Big Tree and Satank were arrested for this atrocity by Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, who was visiting at Fort Sill. They were taken to Texas for trial and charged with murder. But Satank, after singing his death-song in a high, falsetto voice, jumped one of the guards in the wagon and was quickly killed. Satanta and Big Tree were tried, convicted of murder and sentenced to death. They were taken to Huntsville, where they were held in the State Prison until Governor Davis of Texas reduced their sentence to life in prison. Finally they were released on promise that they would do no more raiding.

However, Satanta, with Big Bow at his side, led an attack against Captain Wyllys Lyman's wagontrain on the morning of September 9, 1874. The train was carrying rations from Camp Supply to Colonel Miles, and was moving south toward the Washita in double column twenty yards apart, ready to be corralled instantly if trouble should start. An infantry company of about fifty men marched on each side of the train in single file. Thirteen cavalry troopers under Lieutenant Frank West rode ahead as skirmishers.

Satanta hit them from the front and both flanks with a force of Kiowas which must have numbered over two hundred. Captain Lyman shouted orders to form the corral. They formed it, and it took only a matter of seconds, but the Kiowas were upon them, moving with reckless fury on all sides. They killed a sergeant on the first charge and wounded several other soldiers.

The troop were all regulars, and after the wagons were corralled they held firm. The fight lasted two days and finally the Kiowas saw more soldiers arriving and they moved out quickly. When they got back to the reservation, Satanta was rearrested and again sent to Huntsville Prison, where he jumped from an upper floor and committed suicide.

During all these troubles which Satanta and Big Tree were having, Big Bow didn't let up at all. With White Horse, on April 20, 1872, he had attacked another wagontrain at Howard's Wells. It was a government operated train with Mexican drivers. Big Bow and his band killed and scalped seventeen of them.

As late as June 1886 he was still in operation. Big Bow had lost seventy-five good horses to white outlaw horse thieves out of Texas. He and Loud Talker followed the trail of the rustlers, overtaking them near Mobeetie. While Big Bow was talking animatedly with one of them, another fired on him. He missed, but Big Bow didn't. He raised his Winchester rifle and shot the horse thief through the head. The other Indians fled, but Big Bow was arrested by Rangers and charged with the man's murder. The trial was short. Big Bow gave his side of it and was completely exonerated.

Nevertheless, Parker McKenzie's great-uncle, Big Bow, had plenty of credentials to qualify for the description given him by the Quaker Indian Agent!

AS WE walked out of the house, Parker pointed to a small embankment of red adobe down toward the Washita, about half a mile from the house. "See that mound down there?" he asked. "That's called Adobe Mounds and it was built by a small band of Kiowas in the spring of 1838. They had been camped there while most of the warriors were off hunting buffalo. One of the young boys found a freshly killed buffalo close by, with an arrow in its body which they immediately recognized as having been made by the Osages. As the Kiowas and Osages were deadly enemies at that time, and there were few braves to protect the small band, they quickly built that mound of adobe dirt down there to use as a barricade against the Osages if they attacked.

"Well, they didn't, and the next morn-

ing, not having seen anything of their enemy, the Kiowas pulled up the tipi poles, made travois with them to pull the equipment, and quickly moved on. They got to Saddle Mountain, over in the Wichitas," and he pointed southward, "and went down into a little gap, where they again made camp.

"Well, a great band of Osages had followed them on foot, and at daylight the next morning they struck. They killed everybody in camp, cut off their heads and put all of them they could in the big copper cooking pots of the Kiowas. Ever after that they called the place 'Cut-Throat Gap'."

"We used to go there for 4th of July picnics!" I told Parker. "Never did know how it got its name before."

"Speaking of 4th of July picnics," he said, smiling, "we had one here in Mountain View in about 1907. They'd just changed the name of the town and the railroad was finished. There were hundreds of Midwesterners and Easterners here, and everybody thought it would be fine if the Kiowas would all come, bring their old war clothes and put on a ceremonial dance and horse riding exhibition. The Kiowas agreed, provided the committee would give them sufficient beef for the occasion.

"It was decided they would get four fat steers, and when the Kiowas arrived, they had appointed Big Tree, Gotebo, and another one, possibly Poor Buffalo, as the 'beef committee.' They killed the first steer and the three of them were all down on the ground skinning him out with big sharp, skinning knives. Most of the whites, who had only recently arrived from the East, had never seen a beef butchered before, especially by three big, ferocious looking Indians, and they began crowding around the operation until finally they were so thick Big Tree could barely get his arm up high enough to go on with the skinning." Parker laughed, "This gets funny—and it happened that I seemed to be the only Indian in the crowd that was watching. I was about ten years old and I heard Big Tree grumbling in Kiowa to Gotebo, saying he didn't have enough room to operate.

"Gotebo said, 'We've got to do something to clear them out.' Well, about this time Poor Buffalo, who was working on the belly of the steer, cut in through all the stomach linings, and there lay all the entrails, right in front of Big Tree. 'Watch this!' he told Gotebo in Kiowa, 'This'll clear them out in a hurry!'

"Well, he cut a big piece off the bloody liver; squirted a little of the gall on it for flavor, took a tremendous bite out of it and, with the red blood running down his chin onto his chest, he gave out with probably the most bloodcurdling war-scream ever put out by a Kiowa. He rose from the ground, waving his big, sharp knife and still whooping and hollering.

"Gotebo took his cue from Big Tree's action. He too cut off a piece of the liver, took a great bite out of it and squalled even louder than Big Tree, if that were possible, as he leaped up and down and began making cutting motions with his bloody knife."

Parker stopped describing the scene to laugh some. "It even scared *me*," he said, "and I'd heard and understood what they were going to do. It was all I could do to keep from heading for Anadarko. I did turn around finally to see how it was affecting all the white people who had crowded around. There wasn't a one of them left in sight. They'd cleared out across the railroad track and I guess had holed up on the Washita.

"Big Tree looked around, 'Got lots of room now. Have another bite of liver, Gotebo, and let's get back to our work!' "

I ASKED Parker McKenzie if he'd heard about the famous horse race between the Kiowas and the cowboys from Greer, when Big Tree and Gotebo finally won it with the good Steel Dust horse, belonging to Caddo Bill Williams.

"Yes," he smiled, "that is a well known tale in the tribe. It happened about 1888, before I was born. However, Gotebo was still running horses after I can remember. Did you know a Kiowa we called 'Crooked Neck'?"

I immediately recalled Crooked Neck. He had been born with his neck-bones pointed over toward the left so that his head rested on his left shoulder all the time. He was a scary sight—especially to a little boy of six or seven. Whenever I'd see him coming down the street in Mountain View, I would always cross over to the other side, rather than confront him face to face.

"Poor old Crooked Neck was born that way," Parker continued, "and it never seemed to bother him at all. When he was a young man, Gotebo used him often as a jockey because, despite his odd ailment, he could whip and spur a horse so that he'd take dead aim at the finish line and usually get there first. Of course," Parker qualified, "Gotebo's horses might have had a great deal to do with that.

"Anyway, one time Gotebo had a good, honest, little sorrel horse about four years old and he matched him against a big, black remount stallion from Fort Sill. A lot of the soldiers came over for the race, and it was held, as usual, out near Rainy Mountain on a straightaway track the Kiowas built out there. A lot of Indians showed up—not only Kiowas, but Comanches, and a man who lived across the road from Boake's Store was doing a good business selling whiskey."

"That was my Uncle Barney," I confessed. "He'd bring it in from Fort Smith."

"Well, anyway," Parker continued, "the race got underway, and they were neck-and-neck about halfway down the track when a big, fat drunk Comanche started waddling across the track right in front of them.

"The remount stallion got around him, but Crooked Neck's horse met him head-on, and the Comanche, the sorrel horse and Crooked Neck all went down in a pile.

"Gotebo got there fast and he saw the post surgeon from Fort Sill get out of his buggy and come running to the track. He also saw that his sorrel was getting up and wasn't hurt, and that the Comanche was arising to make his way to

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the other side of the track. Crooked Neck also started to get up—with a grin on his face—but Gotebo, always a man for a little fun, told him in Kiowa to stay down and keep his eyes closed.

"As the post surgeon got there, all out of breath, he saw the position of Crooked Neck's head, lying over on his left shoulder, and he yelled, 'This man's neck is broken! Let's get him to Mountain View hospital! He may not live till we get there with him!'

"The surgeon was a big man, and he picked up Crooked Neck and began staggering toward the buggy with him.

"Crooked Neck opened his eyes, but Gotebo, trudging alongside, told him in Kiowa to close them, and when they got to the buggy, the surgeon laid Crooked Neck down on the ground, waiting for help to boost him into the back of the buggy.

"Well, at this time, Gotebo told Crooked Neck—in English this time—to get up and run down the track to help catch the sorrel horse. Crooked Neck bounded off the ground and took off almost as fast as the horses had been running when the collision occurred. The Kiowas had a big laugh at the post surgeon over that one!

"I don't know what happened about rerunning the race," Parker said. "I don't think there was much bet on it anyway. They probably just cancelled it, but for a long time everytime any of us would see Crooked Neck, we would break out laughing."

WE were walking toward my car when Parker's expression changed and he said to me, "Let's take a little sentimental journey." He pointed southwest toward Rainy Mountain.

We drove out through Mountain View and turned south at the first dirt road. After about six miles, we came to a large church, set back from the road about fifty yards.

A Mexican child captured by the Kiowas.

"That's the Rainy Mountain Baptist Church," said Parker. "Most of the Kiowas belong to it, and it's sort of a meeting place for the tribal functions. Part of the masonry is of stone taken from the old Rainy Mountain School which closed in 1920."

I had read a tale about how so many Kiowas became Baptists. It was said that two young Baptist missionary girls, Miss Ballew and a miss Reeside, together with Satank's daughter, whose "white-man-name" was Julia Given, were getting a few converts and one of them was a young man named Sanko. He had been an understudy of the malevolent old medicine-man Tone-a-koy, and when Tone-a-koy learned of the defection, he swore that he would kill Sanko in two days through one of his death prayer ceremonies. The tale went that he tried it in his huge tipi on Rainy Mountain Creek and that about a hundred Kiowas came to see it, including Sanko, who was almost scared to death.

When the tipi flap was pulled back by Tone-a-koy's two wives, there was a big bucket of flaming coals on one side and a small pond with bushes on it on the other. In between, a drawing of a man's body was made in the sand with a hole scooped out where his heart would be. Tone-a-koy, the story went, came in from the back of the tipi, dressed as a huge green frog, and began squalling and intoning death threats. Then suddenly he scooped up a big dipperful of the hot coals from the bucket and poured them in the hole where the heart would be in the drawing.

Poor Sanko felt a terrible pain in the vicinity of his heart, and when Tone-a-koy pulled up a rifle and fired it into the hole of hot coals, Sanko dropped to the floor in a dead faint. Tone-a-koy, it seems, was under even greater stress. He fell over on the floor of his tipi and died of a heart attack from his exertion. His wives, seeing he was dead, began a high, keening death song, and when Sanko came out of his faint, he at first thought they were intoning it for him. When he found he was still alive, and that Tone-a-koy was dead, he is alleged to have arisen and proclaimed: "My God win! My God win!"

According to the story, that brought in Kiowa converts so fast it was unbelievable. Even old Big Tree, one of the greatest pagans of them all, asked to be baptized at once.

I TOLD all this to Parker McKenzie, but he shook his head. "That story is an *Anglo invention*," he said. "In the first place, the Indian spelling of the convert's name was 'Saingko'—not 'Sanko'—but like so many others it was more or less Anglicized for easier pronunciation.

"Saingko was forty years old when he was baptized on January 21, 1894. His wife, Peat-taw, was baptized a year earlier. She was one of the original six Kiowa women, including my grandmother, Peah-mah, who were charter members of the Rainy Mountan Baptist Church. Gotebo, or Kau-ta-bone, by governmental records, was the only male of the original group.

White children ransomed from the Kiowas by Lawrie Tatum, first Quaker Indian agent of the Kiowa-Comanche agency at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

"It is true, Saingko was a peyote man in his earlier years, but was converted to Christianity. I've never heard of Saingko being a medicine man, let alone his 'working' for a medicine man. If any persons stampeded to Christianity because of Saingko's confrontation with Tone-a-koy, they must have been very, very slow in getting to it, because the next recorded baptism took place almost four months later, and it was just Big Tree, or Ah-do-ete as he is listed with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, who was involved. He was followed by my grandfather, Quetón, on May 25, 1894.

"Oh, yes! There was also a Mrs. Toyebo, a Mrs. Tahome, and my last stepfather, Wind Goomdo, who were all baptized with Saingko. But there were only nine converts during the whole of 1894, so if there was any such confrontation between Tone-a-koy and Sanko, it certainly didn't cause any great rush to Jesus!"

Parker later quoted an announcement from a Kiowa newsletter: "At the council held in the sawmill near the Kiowa-Comanche-Wichita Agency on this memorable day, the 4th of November, 1893, Big Tree, although then an unconverted pagan Indian, spoke eloquently in favor of the proposed establishment of Baptist missions on Kiowa land, ably seconding Lone Wolf."

"It is quite apparent," Parker McKenzie said with a smile, "Mrs. Big Tree, Gotebo's full sister, did her 'home work' on her spouse, and any of the Anglo nonsense written about him rushing to Jesus after the Tone-a-koy business is just that. She was one of the six female charter members of the Rainy Mountain Baptist Church."

Big Tree, as well as Gotebo, fell by the wayside occasionally and went back to the peyote cult, but before he died in 1929, the fierce old wagon-burner was teaching Sunday School in the church near Rainy Mountain.

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We drove on another mile or so, turned westward on another little dirt road, and Parker asked me to stop. I looked over to the left and there was a well-kept cemetery with large tombstones, most of them made of beautiful red granite.

"Here," Parker McKenzie told me dramatically, as he pointed toward the graves, "surely lies history! There are few of the old Kiowa warriors who do not lie buried here."

We got out of the car. "Come, I will show you," he said.

And sure enough, there they all were! All the great old blanket-Indians I had known as a boy. There was the grave of Big Bow, the man the Quaker Indian Agent said "has probably killed and scalped more white people than any living Kiowa."

And over there was the large headstone of Big Tree, who almost got his jugular severed over a dollar toll charge.

Then, in a secluded corner, surrounded by an iron fence, was old Long Horn, and next to him, his wife who had run him around the tipi with a big stick of stovewood when he didn't want my brother and me to have any water from his spring.

There was old Otis Sotai, and Parker McKenzie pointed out to me the tombstone of his fiery old grandfather, Quetón, close by that of his wife, Peah-mah, in whose tipi Parker McKenzie was born on the banks of Rainy Mountain Creek, so many years ago. There was Parker's mother, Ahkaundona, and his father, "General" McKenzie.

"Gotebo has got to be around here someplace!" Parker McKenzie said, looking frantically over the well kept holy place. "I've got to find Gotebo!" and he went from marker to marker, reading the inscriptions.

Meantime, I found the grave of Tone-a-koy, who had allegedly dropped dead while trying out his "bad medicine" on Sanko, or "Saingko," as his Kiowa name was actually spelled. And sure enough, here was the grave of Saingko, himself, who either did or didn't prove that his God was stronger that that of Tone-a-koy!

Suddenly I heard Parker McKenzie yell, "Here's old Gotebo! Here he is!" And Parker was hugging the gravestone of the famous old Kiowa flim-flammer who had won the big horse-race against the Greer cowboys so many years before, and who had almost boiled up my dog, Yippy, after the peyote festival in the tipi of Otis Sotai.

We drove away from the Rainy Mountain Kiowa Cemetery and on toward Rainy Mountain itself. About half a mile east of it, we came upon the ruins of the old store, built by Corwin Boake before the turn of the century. It had been used as the dispensary of annuities to the Kiowas. The place had been abandoned for more than fifty years. It was the first store I had ever been in, and although it was actually rather small, I had always remembered it as being a monstrous thing, something comparable to Neiman-Marcus in Dallas!

"This man, Corwin Boake," Parker was saying, "built his first store much closer to Rainy Mountain. Then, because he was afraid of cyclones, he built this one of concrete and moved the original one up to the side of it, which he made into a barn."

This must have happened prior to my recollections, as I had never known it to be any other place than where we found it.

We drove on to Rainy Mountain, and despite the fact that it was only a little smooth hill, covered with fresh, spring grass, I couldn't help but feel the magic mystery of it—a magic which had brought the Kiowas to it for their encampments since their great exodus from the Black Hills.

On its east side lay the ruins of the old Kiowa Boarding School, where we used to ride up, hell-for-leather, for snowball fights with the Kiowa kids, and below it, ran Rainy Mountain Creek. Parker pointed out the very site where he was born in his grandmother's tipi, and where the construction foreman and his wife came out to see him on his cradle-board, eighty years ago.

I took him back to his home on the Washita River, glad to have met such a fine friend. He showed me a small part of the book he is writing about the Kiowa language, and said he hoped he would live to finish it. I'm sure that he will.

He explained to me that there are eight phonetic sounds in it which are unknown in the English language. No wonder I could never learn to speak Kiowa as a boy! I only remember the expression, "Bei-heintai, sa podle!" Otis Sotai used to use it on me when I was about seven years old and it means, "Get out of here, you're bothering me!"

I drove on toward Fort Sill, but my mind wouldn't leave the little cemetery out there near Rainy Mountain and the great old Kiowa warriors and their valiant wives, lying there row on row beneath the grass.

I thought of what Parker McKenzie had said to me when we arrived there, and how true his statement was: "Here, surely lies history."

Bloodshed in Kansas

(Continued from page 24)

firm. It advised my father (David) that Grandfather and a Mr. Price had been kidnapped by a mob of forty men from Hugoton, while performing services for which Grandfather's firm had been engaged. It was feared they had been taken to No Man's Land to be killed.

No Man's Land was that narrow strip of territory lying south of Kansas and Colorado, now known as the Panhandle of Oklahoma. Due to a mistake in government surveying, it was omitted from any specific state. It was generally assumed that no law officer, nor court, had jurisdiction to prosecute persons for crimes committed in that area.

When Stevens County in southwestern Kansas was established, bitter rivalry sprang up between the small towns of Hugoton and Woodsdale over which would be designated as county seat. Kansas law provided that there must be a population of not less that 2,500 persons in an area before a county could be

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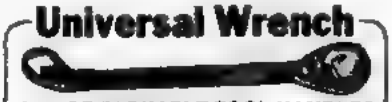

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formed. Citizens of Hugoton presented petitions signed by 2,662 names requesting formation of the county and designation of Hugoton as county seat. Governor Martin approved the formation and designation. (The official census of 1890 showed the total population of Stevens County even then to be only 1,502 persons.)

Citizens of Woodsdale claimed the petitions were fraudulent; that no more than 300 families with slightly over 1,600 persons lived in the area. They employed the firm of Wood, Mackay and Brady to fight the matter in court. Grandfather and Mr. Price obtained a copy of the local census, numerous affidavits, and other evidence that from 1,000 to 1,200 names listed on the census and petitions were fictitious, nonexistent, duplications, or persons long dead. They were on their way to Topeka to present the evidence to the State's Attorney General when they were kidnapped by the mob.

They were taken to Hugoton, arriving in the night, and were held incommunicado in a room with a large group of men. Grandfather was allowed to write a carefully censored letter to Capt. S. O. Aubery, a friend north of Woodsdale, and one to his law partner, Col. A. M. Mackey, in Topeka, which was never delivered, but was denied permission to write a personal letter to his wife.

It was learned that a secret meeting had been held the same night and that five of the men later involved in the Hay Meadows Massacre advocated the immediate killing of Grandfather and Mr. Price. A rope and a wagon were obtained and the tongue raised for a scaffold. The crowd was ready to proceed with the hanging, but were talked out of it by J. L. Pancoast, a Hugoton citizen with whom Grandfather had been cooperating in an effort to adjust the trouble between the two towns.

It was reported that others argued it was safer to kill the two men in No Man's Land. So Grandfather and Price were turned over to a party of five armed young men who took them there. The man in charge of the five was an escaped murderer. It was said that it was common knowledge that the young men were instructed to kill Grandfather and Price and report that it was an accident or in self-defense. At least one of them said he was perfectly willing when they started out, but Grandfather made himself so agreeable by telling them stories about the war, playing cards with them and helping with the cooking, care of the stock and other camp work, that he could not harm him.

CAPTAIN AUBERY organized a party of some twenty-five men and started in fast pursuit to rescue Grandfather and Price. They found a letter that Grandfather had secretly written, addressed to Grandmother and dropped on the trail. And they soon found the camp where the captives were being held, surrounded it, and demanded that the abductors surrender. When the young men seized their guns to resist, Grandfather quietly pointed out to them the folly of attempting to fight heavily armed, expert shots of five times their number.

Several hot-tempered members of the rescue party wanted to mete out quick justice, but Grandfather talked them out of it, persuading them that the boys were merely tools of the men who planned and directed the plot. The young men were turned over to authorities in Hugoton to stand trial, but it seems the prosecuting attorney for Stevens County was one of the conspirators and the cases were all dismissed.

Affairs in the county continued in a state of disarray. John M. Cross, a resident of Woodsdale, was elected sheriff of Stevens County by a narrow majority of two votes in 1888. When Sam Robinson, city marshal of Hugoton, broke up a rally in the town of Vorhees that was opposing a bond election for building a railroad through Hugoton, by brutally clubbing two of the audience, including a deputy sheriff, a warrant was issued for his arrest. Ed Short, city marshal of Woodsdale and later a well known deputy U. S. Marshal in Kansas, and the injured deputy sheriff went to Hugoton to serve the warrant. A shootout took place and they were forced to leave without their prisoner.

It was learned on July 22, 1888 that a party of Hugoton men, including Sam Robinson, and their families had gone to No Man's Land to hunt, fish, and pick berries. Two posses, one headed by Ed Short and the other by Sheriff Cross left Woodsdale to attempt to arrest Robinson. Short's posse actually sighted Robinson and gave chase, but he escaped on a fast horse. Short's posse returned to Woodsdale and the Hugoton families returned home.

When it was learned in Hugoton that there were posses in No Man's Land for the purpose of arresting Sam Robinson, between thirty and forty heavily armed men left Hugoton on horseback and in buggies to go to his assistance.

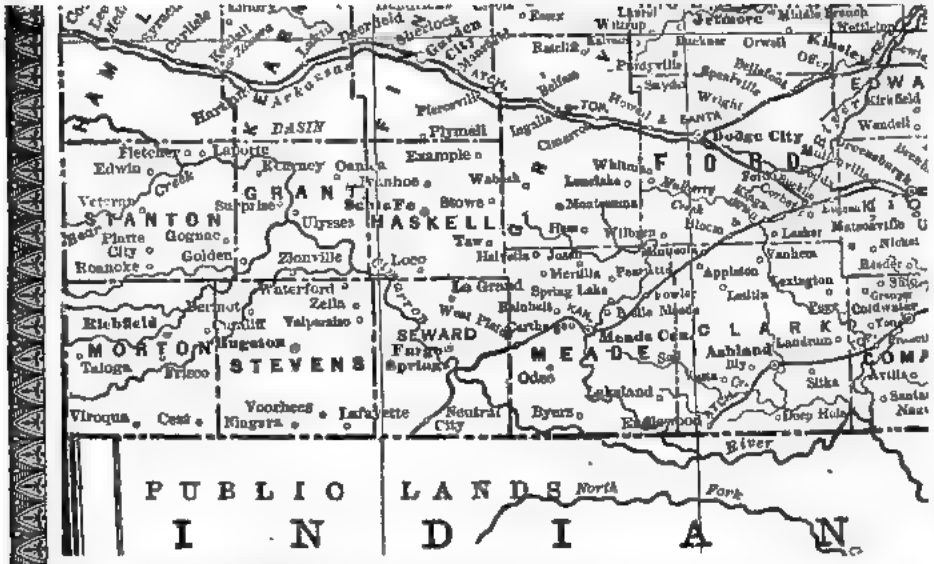
Sheriff Cross' posse, including Bob Hubbard, H. H. Wilcox, C. W. Eaton, and Herbert Tony [Tonney, Tonny] who was a teen-aged boy, had seen nothing of the Robinson party and had no knowledge that the families had left the area. The men and their horses were very tired and they decided to spend the night in an area known as the Hay Meadows, near Wild Horse Lake, where several men were cutting and stacking wild hay. They unsaddled their horses, leaving their weapons in scabbards on the saddles, and turned the horses loose to graze. The sheriff, Hubbard, and Tony went to sleep in a haystack a hundred feet or more from their weapons. Wilcox and Eaton went to sleep in one of the hay cutters' wagons. All were unarmed except Tony, who had a small pistol.

Sam Robinson had discovered the posse and kept them under observation until they were all asleep. Then he surrounded the haystack with from twelve to fifteen men, awakened the sheriff and his two companions and ordered them to come out with their hands up, which they did. The three men were searched and the pistol taken from Tony. Robinson then told Sheriff Cross, "You are my first man," and shot him with a Winchester rifle at point-blank range, killing him instantly. Next he turned to Hubbard and said, "Hubbard, I want you," and shot him also.

J. B. Chamberlain, Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, stepped back a couple of steps from Tony and shot him with a rifle. Tony, with his hands up, flinched a little to one side just as the gun fired and was shot through the shoulder. He was knocked to the ground and, though conscious, pretended to be dead.

Hugoton, Stevens County, Kansas in 1891.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka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Lawrence, and six others were finally brought to trial for the murder of Sheriff Cross. The Government was represented by Joseph H. Wilson, United States Attorney for the eastern district of Texas, and his assistant, and by Grandfather, whose services had been requested by the widow of Sheriff Cross, a brother of another of the murdered men, and by Herbert Tony.

The defense was represented by S. B. Bradford, former Attorney General of Kansas, two other attorneys from Kansas, and a firm of attorneys practicing in Paris, Texas.

The trial was completed on July 8, 1890. Both of the Cooks, Chamberlain, Freese, Jackson and Lawrence were convicted and sentenced to be hanged on December 19, 1890. A mistrial was ordered in the case of Ed Bowen, who became too ill to continue the trial. The others were acquitted.

The cases of the convicted men were appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court on the grounds that the court in Paris did not have jurisdiction, and on the usual allegations of numerous writs of error. The Supreme Court rejected the jurisdiction claim, but ordered a new trial on a technical error.

One of the defendants made an emotional, heart-rending appeal to the court before sentence was passed that generated nation-wide sympathy for the condemned men. A great hue and cry was raised in Kansas by political supporters of the condemned men on grounds that Kansas should not submit to having its citizens tried and convicted by Texas juries. Early writings report that Senator Plumb and State Senator H. B. Kelly presented petitions to the Department of Justice in Washington on March 2, 1891, signed by the Governor and all of the state officers of Kansas and by many of the Kansas Senate, asking that the men convicted of the murder of Sheriff Cross be set free and that all indictments against them be dismissed.

The President, upon the recommendation of United States Attorney General W. H. H. Miller, ordered the dismissal of United States Attorney Joseph H. Wilson, without a hearing or an opportunity to defend himself, on the charge "that in a case of so much importance to the Government and to the citizens upon trial as that of the United States vs. Cook & Others, you should have practically surrendered your office to the control of a lawyer from a foreign state, having no connection with the Department of Justice."

THEODOSIUS BOTKIN was appointed District Judge in the newly established judicial district in southwestern Kansas. Petitions asking the Legislature to impeach him were soon circulated in Seward, Grant, Stevens, and other counties, on grounds of drunkeness and other misconduct. Colonel Wood was Clerk of the House Judiciary Committee and Judge Botkin blamed him for the action in the House approving impeachment proceedings, which failed in the Senate. Colonel Wood avoided as much as possible any participation in the impeachment proceedings because he did not want to add fire to the ill feelings between the towns of Hugoton and Woodsdale.

Judge Botkin ran for Congress and blamed Colonel Wood for his defeat, though the latter had taken no part in the campaign. Judge Botkin attempted to have Colonel Wood disbarred, but failed. It was reported that he and County Attorney Wm. O'Conner were constantly harrassing Colonel Wood by causing numerous warrants to be issued for his arrest on frivolous and fictitious charges. It was reported that a citizen of Stevens County who was present at a meeting was quoted as saying, "O'Connor had been drinking and his eyes glared as he raved and demanded that they finish their work by proceeding to Woodsdale and demanding that Ed Short and S. N. Wood be given up and then shooting them as they did Cross."

Even Judge Botkin, it was said, was imprudent enough to declare on different occasions and in the presence of reliable persons, "If I ever get Sam Wood to Hugoton he shall never leave that town alive."

Grandfather had given bond to appear in Judge Botkin's court in Hugoton on June 23, 1891. His friends begged him not to go and offered to pay the bond. Had my father, in Colorado, or my uncle, Wm. L. Wood, in Chase County, Kansas, known the circumstances, they would have paid the bond, or would have gone with an armed force of men to protect my grandfather, but he did not let them know. In a letter dated June 24, 1891 to the editor of the Topeka *Democrat*, my grandmother described what happened:

"Colonel Wood drove our buggy with Mrs. Carpenter and myself to the door of the church—which was used as a courthouse—and left us sitting in the buggy and went in to examine the docket. While he was in the room O'Connor and two or three others came into the vestibule or entry. One man remained leaning against the outside door, which was wide open. He had his right hand in a pocket at his side or back.

"O'Connor and another man walked toward the main street with their heads close together, as though whispering. Judge Botkin came out and said 'Hello, Jimmy' to the man at the door. Then he stepped to our buggy and shook hands with Mrs. Carpenter and myself in a very friendly manner, though I had never met him before; and then walked toward the main street. The man, Jim Brennan, still remained leaning against the door.

"Colonel Wood came out of the courtroom into the vestibule and stepped out. As he did so he turned his back to Brennan, when Brennan quickly drew his pistol and shot him in the back or left shoulder. Colonel Wood raised his hands, looked around, and ran along the side toward the west of the church. Brennan ran after him and shot him again in the back. I had gotten out of the buggy and was trying to get between them, and had almost reached my husband when Brennan put the pistol close to his face and shot him through his head; he fell

and died with his head in my lap in about fifteen minutes." Grandfather was unarmed.

Jim Brennan was a deputy sheriff, a court bailiff and bodyguard of Judge Botkin. He had been seen in deep conference with C. E. Cook, one of the Hay Meadows Massacre defendants, most of the day preceding the murder.

A Mrs. Flemming, of Ulysses, Kansas, reported to Grandmother that she had heard a little boy say, as Grandfather drove into town, "There comes Sam Wood. They are going to kill him today." A girl quickly told him to keep still; that he was "talking too much."

It was reported in Hugoton that several men with Winchester rifles were stationed in upper stories along the exit route from Hugoton to shoot Grandfather, if Brennan failed.

Grandmother's family feared that she would be killed to prevent her from testifying at Brennan's trial. Mrs. Carpenter went into hiding.

Kansas law provided that the accused in criminal prosecutions shall be given "a speedy trial by an impartial jury of the county or district in which the offense is alleged to have been committed." There was no provision for a change of venue. The total population of that county by the census of 1890 was 1,502. The total vote cast at the election in the county in the November, 1890 election was 276.

JOHN F. IVES, Attorney General of the State, caused an information to be filed against Brennan, charging him with first degree murder. He was arraigned at the September term of court. Judge Botkin was disqualified to try the case and it was postponed until the following November, at which time Judge T. B. Wall of Segwick County was selected to preside. The State was represented by Attorney General Ives, Hon. Charles Curtis, and by Wm. O'Connor, county attorney. The defendant was represented by J. H. Pitzer.

Nearly every qualified elector of the county was summoned and examined for the jury, but it soon became apparent that there were not enough competent men, unbiased and unprejudiced, from which to impanel a jury. It was necessary for Attorney General Ives to enter a *nolle prosequi*. Brennan was never brought to trial.

New trials for the men convicted and sentenced to hang for the murder of Sheriff Cross were postponed from time to time. Correspondence to and from the office of the U. S. Attorney General indicates that political pressure to have all of the defendants dismissed continued. On March 25, 1898, the Attorney General called upon Sinclair Taliaferro, then U. S. Attorney for the Eastern District of Texas, for a report in the matter. On April 2, 1898 Mr. Taliaferro replied in a 17-page report that only four, Sam Robinson, J. D. Chamberlain, O. J. Cook and C. E. Cook, had been reindicted.

On page 14 of the report, he stated, "If these cases can be taken out of the field of politics and tried as any other case, I see no reason why the Government will not stand as fair a chance to convict O. J. Cook, C. E. Cook, J. B. Chamberlain and Sam Robinson, as it would to convict defendants in any other case of equal importance."

On page 15 of the report appears the statement, "There is no question but that these cases have been a source of a great deal of worry to your Department. In my judgment, it has not been through any lack of merit in the cases, but because of the political influence which the defendants have been able to draw to their support." The report concludes with the statement, "I beg to say, that in the matter of the dismissal of the indictment (for assault to commit murder) as to Cyrus W. Freese, I gave my reasons to the then Attorney General why, in my judgment, it should not be dismissed. He, however, saw fit to take other action."

The Attorney General replied on July 12, 1898, "I beg to say that, owing to the pressure of business in the Department growing out of the war, I have been unable to yet examine the questions involved with sufficient care to determine whether or not the cases should be further prosecuted. Pending this examination, and until further instructed, you are directed to take no steps towards bringing the cases to trial."

In a lengthy letter dated April 13, 1899, the Attorney General advised the United States Attorney at Galveston, Texas, who had apparently succeeded Mr. Taliaferro in office, "I have concluded, after a most painstaking investigation of the whole subject, to direct *nolle prosequi* to be entered in the case, both for the murder and for the assault and attempt to kill. You are accordingly so directed." Thus ended one of the most brutal mass murders of unarmed men ever to be recorded in the history of the early West.

* *

Editor's Note: We hope readers who are interested in this Kansas tragedy will watch for the June *True West*. Because of deadlines we were unable to include in this issue a story pertaining to the one you just read and which exemplifies the anxiety which lay over an entire community. The story came in quite unexpectedly. Its author is not acquainted with David Wood; they simply share the common heritage of a very cruel period in their families' lives.

"The 'Coffee' Woman," coming up, is a good example of the historical vignettes still stored away in many Western homes.

95-Year-Old Fishin' Hole

(Continued from page 34)

It was during the 1946-1969 period, when this third generation of Coopers ran the ranch and resort, that most of the write-ups about the place appeared in newspapers across the country and in national magazines. Mac's father had been one of the early fishermen to use willow flies (hellgramites in their larva form) for trout bait. Marg Cooper said, "Every late May or early June, we would get long distance calls from individuals as well as radio stations and newspapers asking us to 'report when the willow flies are out on the Gunnison.'"

Usually this phenomenon would occur on or about June 10 as the willow fly emerged from its protective shell. These flies were 1¼ to 2 inches in length and would swarm around the willows and other brush along the banks. They made excellent meals for the hungry rainbow and brown trout, which grew to enormous sizes.

REMEMBER Allan V. Elston? He was the author of an excellent Western novel which had as its setting the Gunnison country in the 1880s. He called it *Grass and Gold*. In the summer of 1950 he spent a great deal of time getting acquainted with his story's locale and researching old newspapers.

Elston met many local people, but in letters we exchanged over the past couple

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of years he always mentioned Wally Foster and the late Warren Mergelman, who had helped him.

Grass and Gold was historically and geographically accurate. I believe Allan Elston considered it one of his best novels. It was reprinted ten times and in four foreign countries. The first edition in 1950 was a hardback by J. B. Lippincott Co. It was serialized in magazines and newspapers. When Dell Publishing Company published it in paperback in 1952 the title was changed to *Colorado Showdown*.

All of these editions are out of print, but Mr. Elston had one copy of the Dell paperback, which he sent to me two years ago. He also had two copies of the original hardback and they probably were placed in some Western Collections after his death in late 1976.

Elston became a full-time writer in 1924, doing mostly mysteries and foreign adventure stories and books. After World War II, because many of the old markets were folding, his agent suggested he shift to Westerns. During the next nineteen years he wrote thirty-five Western novels with *Grass and Gold* being number seven on the list.

He prided himself on doing his research at the site of each story. In our letter exchanges he talked a lot about his research trip to Gunnison.

He had been in the Durango area in preparation for a book called *Deadline at Durango*. "From there we drove over Slumgullion Pass to a dude ranch near Lake City where I spent another four days flipping flies on the streams. Then on to Gunnison for my pleasant sojourn under the wing of Wally Foster. Then we drove up the Gunnison River and rented a cabin where I spent a week learning the lay of the land, with side trips to Tin Cup, Crested Butte, and a day of fishing in each of the several tributaries.

"On one of them I trespassed on private land making the owner so mad he let the air out of my tires and threatened me with a gun. He had sat in a rocking chair back in the trees to lay for me. I got even with him by using the same rocking chair for a murderer's ambush post in my book."

AFTER I sent Elston one of my little books about the area, *Passport to the Gunnison Country*, he wrote me, "I read it with nostalgic pleasure. Certain nomenclature in it reminds me of the first time I ever saw Gunnison. It was in August 1916, when I was 29 and unmarried."

He had been living on the Elston Ranch near Trinidad, Colorado and he came over for a fishing trip. He rode the Colorado and Southern to Salida, then the Denver & Rio Grande Western over Marshall Pass. Instead of getting off at Gunnison, "I detrained at Cebolla and sure enough, the place had a fisherman's hotel, more like a riverbank boarding house, where I found about ten guests, all but me from the East."

He went on to tell about five middle-aged men from Buffalo, New York. "They had a strange routine. They slept till noon, played poker from noon to 4 p.m., then fished from then until dark. The poker game was not for money. It was to see who got first choice of riffles for that evening. The second best winner got second choice and so on."

Most of Elston's papers are in the archives at the University of Oregon; he gave the rest to the library at the University of California at Los Angeles, and the Western Collection at the University of Wyoming. The last letter I received from him was written August 4, 1976, in which he said he had celebrated his 89th birthday the week before. He died later that year.

Seven of his old Western novels are being reprinted by the Berkeley Publishing Company. One is *The Seven Silver Mountains*, a story about Georgetown, Colorado. Others have settings in Wyoming, Montana, Arizona and Oregon.

State Senator Martin Hatcher was master of ceremonies at the dedication held in July of 1977 at the Cooper Ranch. Some of the ranch buildings, including the barn built in 1892, can be seen in the background.

WITH the construction of Blue Mesa Dam and the dredging of the Gunnison River, most of the breeding places for the willow flies were destroyed. But through the active years Cooper Ranch Resort had its share of fish tales, most of them true. One is the legend of Geronimo. This was the name given to a monstrous German brown trout, which some people say was thirty-six inches long and probably weighed eighteen pounds.

A man named Erpledink of Denver is credited with naming Geronimo. One day he came rushing back to the cabins, excited and out of breath. "I just lost old Geronimo down around the bend." Later he explained the name just popped out because the Indian leader, Geronimo, was often cornered and nearly always got away.

Through the years more pounds and more inches were added onto the legendary trout. On June 28, 1964 *Life Magazine* had a feature showing several large fish throughout the country "that nobody could catch." Among them was Geronimo.

Cooper's Resort received a lot of publicity too from large trout that did not get away. Many of the big ones ran in the eleven- to twelve-pound class, and the largest actually recorded weighed in at fifteen pounds. Perhaps it was Geronimo.

No one anticipated what would happen after Blue Mesa Lake began to fill in 1964. On the Gunnison River, with the dam twenty miles downstream, Blue Mesa was to become the largest lake in the state with ninety-six miles of shoreline.

Although prior to the dam construction the river had always had some ice jamming, the problem multiplied after the lake filled. The level of water flow, plus freezing and thawing, caused great amounts of ice to overflow into the resort areas. Ice jams pushed up to within fifty feet of the main Cooper ranch house, and the old log bridge across the Gunnison was in constant danger of being wiped out. The Coopers fought many hours, day and night, to keep the bridge intact, the bridge Mac's grandfather had built so many years before.

Finally in 1969, Mac and Marg decided they had had enough of fighting the ice in winter, so they sold out to a private company. That company then sold to the Bureau of Reclamation in 1975, and now it has been turned over to the National Park Service as part of the Curecanti National Recreation Area.

A few days before the park-site dedication ceremony in the summer of '76 I walked with the Coopers through the old resort area. Before the National Park Service actually took it over, no one had been assigned to water the lawn in front of the ranch house, nor the flowers surrounding it. But a few columbines, because of their great stamina when growing in the wild, had survived. A lot of memories were reflected in the couple's eyes as we wandered inside the old barn, built in 1882 without the benefit of modern tools or equipment. We could not get into the ranch house because it was locked, but the Coopers peered through the windows, as if taking a last look at their past.

The Ute Indians, Captain John Gunnison's expedition, the railroad—all are gone, and so are the guests who used to stay and fish out of their cabin doors long years ago.

The area will be preserved as a picnic area and already it attracts many new fishermen who know nothing of its history. I suppose, though, that the National Park Service sign will last a long time, recording an historical name—Cooper.

Editorial

(Continued from page 3)

is simple it if reaches the ultimate in perfection. Shep used this particular movement of his throat muscles as a guise to play for more time. Generally, it was when we called his hand while he was telling a particularly unbelievable story that Shep would resort to this trickery. It enabled an extremely alert story-telling mind to add full—or, at least, some—credence to the statement he had just made.

Shep was hard to trap. He could tell yarns that were utterly fascinating—so well told that you felt embarrassed to question any little part.

One of Shep's stories was about an old hen. He had an old-timey log crib with a passageway between two big rooms. One year, after making an unusually good crop, he put surplus corn (in shuck, of course) in one of the crib rooms and locked the door so he would have some backing-up for the next drought or run of hard times.

That fall he began feeding several hogs to fatten them for slaughter, and by late winter his cattle got so lank that Shep saw he would have to use some of his surplus corn. Well, when he unlocked and opened the door, out came an old hen with a whole clutch of frying-size chickens following her.

"I realized then," Shep said, "that I had locked up that old hen in the fall. She'd been with a rooster and her eggs were fertile. She laid them, set on them, hatched the chicks and now they were as plump and lively as any bunch of young chickens you ever saw."

"What in the world did those chickens eat all the time they were shut up?" I asked.

Shep glanced at me sharply. He used that rolling "haaaau-huaaauu-huuumm" which defies the written word, as I said, but sounded more like a low groan followed by a pronounced grunt than it resembled any type of throat-clearing. "They ate the corn, of course," he said matter-of-fact.

"But how could tiny chicks eat grains of corn?" I persisted.

"Well, you remember in any crop of corn, no matter how good a year it was for growing grain, there would always be nubbins. Them little grains on the end of the nubbins wasn't a bit too big for them to swallow. The old hen would peck them off and the little chickens ate them. Of course, there are always weevils and I remember there was a bumper crop that year. They made fine eating for little chickens. I'll bet weevils in my corn cost me fully $30 that year."

Wayne came up with the next question. "Shep, that's a mighty good story but I can't figure out where those chickens got their water."

This is the only time we ever came close to stumping Shep. He "hocked" and he spit and he cleared his throat several times before answering "Hmmm. You know, I've often wondered about that myself. . . ."

I LIVED about a mile from Shep, straight through. When I was fourteen years old I was trying to write outdoor stories. I had never been deer hunting but there was a State Game Reserve in the Midway-Edward's Prairie country of Burleson County, Texas, which included what we called "The Old Marsh Pasture" and it had been stocked with deer. The signs read, "State Game Reserve—No Hunting." Referring to those signs Shep once said, "Game was put here for pore folks to live on." The fact that there nearly always was venison in Shep's smokehouse bore out the fact that Shep believed this statement applied the year around on any ground. Some folks even suspected that this masterful chronicler of tall tales might have gotten his directions slightly tangled on occasions and strayed onto forbidden ground.

Anyhow, Shep talked me into going hunting with him. He made a long curved approach to what I was sure was part

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of the game preserve. Somebody kept the signs torn down so nobody knew the exact dimensions of that reserve. I noticed Shep was being very careful and he cautioned me to be quiet the farther we got into those deep woods. He qualified this precaution by saying that a fellow had to be another Daniel Boone if he got game where there just hardly wasn't any.

Finally, Shep showed me a salt lick. He told me to climb a tall tree and watch that lick and he would be nearby at another vantage point. I did so without question.

Pretty soon I heard someone approaching from the opposite direction from which we came. Somehow he just didn't look like a deer hunter. In those days, game wardens didn't wear uniforms and had no markings whatsoever. I was pretty scared and said a few slightly uncomplimentary things under my breath about Shep for getting me into this mess. However, the man walked right under my tree. He was headed in the direction Shep had taken.

I had about decided this suspicious-looking character had vacated the country when I heard a sort of roaring, brush-popping sound that startled me considerably. Shep went by at a clip that seemed to be sucking the fallen leaves after him and he cleared a hole in the brush that you could drive a wagon through sideways! That's the only time I had ever seen Shep whitefaced scared!

I didn't know what to do. I was about to decide to climb down that tree and quietly leave the premises when I heard a slight rattle of leaves in the direction from whence Shep had departed. I couldn't see Shep but I knew his voice when he inquired in little more than a whisper, "Is he gone?"

"Is who gone?" I asked irritably.

"That damned game warden. He's trying to keep us pore folks from an honest meal."

"I saw a man come by," I said, "but I don't know whether he was a game warden or not." I described the man briefly.

"Yeah, that's the sonofabuck! I know him. He'd take food from a starving man's mouth—shoot you, too!" Shep added as an afterthought.

"Where's your gun?" I asked.

"You know," Shep said, in an evasive tone, "I'm in constant battle with Old Susie. When deer season comes in, there's places you're not suppose to hunt at all. Sometimes I'm just taking Old Susie through the woods as innocent as you please when a buck fat on acorns jumps up and Old Susie, in spite of all I can do, jumps around and gets a bead on that animal and is firing before I know what goes on. Well, a man can't leave meat in the brush to rot, you know—so I have to get the carcass out the best way I can. Actually, I've often thought of selling Old Susie but we've got so used to each other over 40 years of association that I can't part with her. I take care of Old Susie and Old Susie takes care of me. Lots of times I don't have a thing to do with what Old Susie does. When a deer jumps up, she simply goes wild. I believe Susie could shoot around a corner."

Shep uncovered the gun from where he had hidden it under some leaves. He seemed to be in a hurry to head for home. The game warden just might show up again.

This is the first time I have written up my introduction to the sport of deer hunting. . . .

ONE TIME a neighbor, the Kornegays, gave a singing. Now you folks who don't know what a singing is, have missed something. It was a sort of social gathering wherein someone who could make a piano sound faintly musical started slapping the ivory and everybody gathered around to sing old songs. The rounders in our neighborhood, as well as the surrounding places such as Black Jack, Frog Joy, Liberty, and even from as far away as Chriesman and Sandy Grove, generally showed up at one of these sing-songs. There was refreshments and story telling and various groups cut off to themselves to talk about all the news that was going on in that entire part of the country.

Some of the rougher characters suggested that they get off about a hundred yards in an old field, build a fire, spread out a saddle blanket and play some poker. I tagged along. I remember there was some men from the Yegua Country there that night and the talk drifted to badmen far and near. Some badmen would back down and some wouldn't, just about everybody agreed. I heard Mama calling me then. She scolded me for leaving the party, saying kids had no business being around big folks playing poker. So I played with John Henry, Roby and some of the bigger kids—which sometimes was more dangerous outside at night than watching a poker game.

I don't think Shep even remembered I was there at the beginning, when he told the story fully twenty years later. He skimmed over the introduction and got down to solid story:

"I spread my old army blanket out on the ground. We hung a lantern up on a tree stob on one side of it and the fire was on the other side. There was plenty of room and light to play poker. You all know that mean Herb Jackson, I guess?" Everybody remembered. He was "a real stomper" in his day.

"Well," Shep continued, "Herb began betting up pretty high and I was raising him and it made him sorter mad. One time we had bid up mighty high. He had an ace straight and he paled a little around the gills when I showed a full house. That sure-nough made him mad!"

"What did he do?" Wayne asked.

"I'll tell you what he did," Shep was warming to the story. "I can see him now, dressed for the party in his long-tailed coat. Herb jumped to his feet and pulled his gun. It was one of the first double-action guns in these parts. Herb was trying to bluff me out. He said that it looked like this poker game was rigged. He wanted a going over of the whole deck and if there was anything amiss there was going to be bad trouble. He held the gun right in my face.

"It's not like a single-action that you

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have to cock before you can fire. Them blamed newfangled double-actions would shoot as fast as you could pull the trigger. In the lantern light I could look right down the barrel. It was the biggest looking barrel I ever saw. The hole in it looked like the bore of a ten-gauge shotgun. Just beyond the barrel I could see the top of the hammer working up and down, up and down. He was squeezing on the trigger, releasing it and then squeezing again. He was mad and jumpy and I knew I had to do something pretty soon. If he pulled the trigger too hard the hammer would fall and blow my brains out. He had the thing right in my left eye just gently pulling on the trigger like that, telling me all the time that this game wasn't played right and what did I think about it?

"All I had was one of those switchblade knives that you press the button on and the blade leaps out. We all carried knives in those days."

"What on earth did you do?" I asked. There was the masterful, long drawn-out clearing of Shep's throat and he said, "Well, I'll tell you. I never was known to be slow on the draw. I reached back, got that knife and held it close to his face before he even knew what was going on. I snapped the little button and that shining blade came out and might'nigh nicked him in the nose. Now you talk about fast cutting horses. That sonofabuck wheeled so fast that his frock-tailed coat stood straight out. I just reached out with that switchblade knife and made a split-tailed coat out of it as he left!"

Shep never tried to be anything he wasn't. He couldn't have cared less about nosing out anyone from "Who's Who." I don't think he ever thought or cared much about making a big splash in life. He enjoyed his friends and he did his best at making them enjoy him.

As far as Wayne and myself are concerned he was 100% successful in doing that.—Joe "Hosstail" Small

There's Still Gold in Oregon

(Continued from page 17)

been left high and dry in old river beds by shifts in the earth's crust. The prospector will remove the sand and gravel from a likely place and then carefully clean out the cracks and crevices behind certain rock formations, also from underneath any large rocks or boulders. Here the gold settles and remains stationary. Prospecting isn't all luck, by any means. Most of it is know-how.

BACK during the Depression that lasted into the thirties, we lived here on our old homestead. None of us who lived in the hills had any money, but we always had all we wanted to eat. We could trade bacon, hams or beef for what we needed at the stores in town.

There were times, though, when we needed some hard money. My father generally got it by selling a couple of coonskins and, once in a while, a mink. In the summertime when furs were not too good, he would go down to the river, in a certain spot, and wash out enough

(Continued on page 55)

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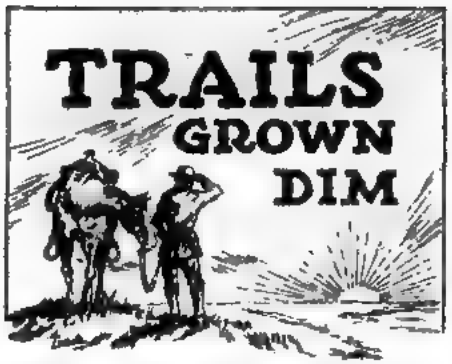

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Henderson

I am seeking information about my grandfather. My father, Lenard Lenzy Henderson, was born December 28, 1905 in Ratcliff, Texas. He remembers that his father went by the name of Charlie Henderson or C. Henderson.

The only information that I have about Grandfather involves a shooting incident. It happened between the years 1900-1905. One day a man came to the house of my grandfather with a shotgun. He opened the front door and fired at a figure on the bed. He didn't know that it was his own child who was visiting at my grandfather's house. The blast practically blew the child's head off. Grandfather was shaving at the time and always kept a pistol within reach. He swung around and shot the man in the face, killing him. My grandmother recalls that an official hearing or court case resulted from the incident.

If anyone knows about this shooting, or when it took place, I would appreciate hearing from you. One other point, Grandfather was a gambler and worked the East Texas sawmills. My father had brothers, Albert, Luther, and Johnnie; also a sister, Velma.—Olen R. Henderson, 8650 Pitner, Apt. 153, Houston, Texas 77080.

Tracy-Hardin

My grandfather was John Wesley Tracy. His father's name was Tom Tracy, and they had a place on Spring Creek in Montgomery County, Texas in the 1870s. John Wesley Hardin, the outlaw, was related to the family in some way, and often stayed with them when he was on the dodge. Does anyone in the Hardin family have record of Tom Tracy's relationship to their family?—Bob Mead, 402 Garner, #107, Pasadena, Texas 77502

Millers of Huerfano County, Colorado

I would like to contact a half-sister. Her mother, La Verne Johnson, was from Ottawa County, Oklahoma. She divorced my father October 22, 1921 in this same county and state. She married Garfield Miller and they had a daughter, Jewell, who was last known to be living in Oklahoma. After the Millers married they lived in Huerfano County, Colorado.

I would also like to contact people knowing Emmett Richard Gilson Miller, Garfield's father. He had a freight line from Walsenburg to Pueblo, Colorado about 1860. He was a scout during the Civil War and at one time had a saloon in Gardner, Colorado, but did not drink or smoke himself. He married Kate Mooney McLaughlin who was born in Fort Ringgold, Texas and they settled on the Huerfano River in Colorado. Emmett "Dick" Miller was from Ohio or Tennessee and his father was David Miller, born 1821, or Martin Miller.

I am interested in the Ludlow mining trouble as Garfield Miller was involved in several killings and was tried in court. He was also shot in the head by a bootlegger during prohibition. I am interested in the Millers and the Huerfano, Colorado district.—Sharon Miller, Rt. 4, Box 338A, Little Valley, Roseburg, Oregon 97470

Fuzzell

My great-grandparents are Pleasant and Margaret Wilkerson Fuzzell. Plez was born January 15, 1836 in Tennessee of native Tennessee parents. Margaret was born in Missouri in 1845 of native Indiana parents. They married about 1867 and had nine children: H. A. (son); Mary Jane; Effie; Lizzie; William T.; Joseph and Garrie (all born in Missouri). Rosie Mae and Walter were born in Washington County, Arkansas.

Effie married a Jones fellow and lived in Springdale, Arkansas where they raised a family. The rest of the Fuzzell family moved on to Oklahoma's Unsettled Territory during the Run of 1889, homesteading in Canadian Township, Cleveland County, Oklahoma.

Margaret died in 1893 and is buried in Corbett Cemetery, Cleveland County, Oklahoma. Plez died February 24, 1915 and is buried in Rosedale Cemetery, McClain County, Oklahoma. Son William T., by then married and a father, was killed in a train wreck on January 8, 1918 and is buried next to his father.

I would like to know what happened to H. A. Fuzzell after 1880 and would also like to hear from descendants of Effie Fuzzell Jones and William T. Fuzzell, as well as anyone else having knowledge of Plez and Margaret's parents, brother and/or sisters. All replies will be answered.—Mrs. Mary Anne Galley, Box 75043, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73107

Greaves-Graves

I would like information on L. D. Greaves' parents, brothers, and sisters. He was born near Memphis, Tennessee in 1820. He came to Texas around 1840, first settling in Brenham, Texas. Later he moved to Camp Colorado, located in Coleman County, Texas.—Ray E. Graves, Route 1, Richland Springs, Texas 76871

Landers

I would like to contact any descendants of Abe Landers. He was born about 1794 in Kentucky, and was raised in Tennessee. Between 1839 and 1859 he lived near Neosho, Missouri, where he was a state senator.

In 1859 he came to what was then Johnson County, Texas. When Hood County was organized in 1866, he was the first county judge. He died around 1870. He married Sally Shipman who was born in Tennessee around 1803. She died around 1860 in Johnson County, Texas. Abe and Sally Landers had many children, some of whom lived around Granbury, Texas. Some of his daughters married boys of the Nutt families in Granbury. If anyone is related to this Abe Landers and will write me, I will refund postage.—John A. Mead, Box 935, Pampa, Texas 79065

Strahorn-Guthrie

One of the builders of the West was Robert Edmund Strahorn. He wrote a fascinating autobiography, 90 Years of Boyhood, in which he gives his reactions to events he witnessed. Robert was born in 1855 in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania to Thomas and Rebecca Emmert Strahorn. Thomas followed his son to the West and died in Los Angeles, about 1883. I would like to know the parents of Thomas and also the parents of Samuel Streyhorn who married Hannah Gheen (Gahagen) in 1798 at Christ Church in Philadelphia.

Samuel's children were Thomas, Jonathan, Jane, Robert, twins Joseph and Elizabeth, Hannah, Samuel S., Mary, and Robert 2nd. Samuel died in Chester County, Pennsylvania on October 10, 1858.

My great-grandfather Samuel Smith Guthrie and his wife Nancy Jane Lillie and children Thomas, Ida, and Frances Ellen joined a large wagontrain for the West in the 1860s. It is said that Frances Ellen learned to walk in the vicinity of Pikes Peak. They turned back, probably due to the health of Nancy Jane, because she died in 1868 in Cedar County, Iowa. It is said it was a large wagontrain because a thousand shots could be fired without reloading and so the Indians left them alone. Would anyone have any record of such a wagontrain in this period which might include the names of the persons in the train?—Lois Gleason Anderson, 1827 B. Street, Iowa City, Iowa 52240

Bennett

Wallace W. Bennett was born at sea August 16, 1810. His father was an English sea captain and his mother was from Scotland.

He moved to Eads Grove, Iowa and married Elizabeth Hammonds Eads. In June 1867 he dictated a book, *The Early Settlers of Iowa*, to a friend, W. J. Reggs at Mountain Rest, California.

Wallace died February 28, 1887 and is buried at Downey, California. His picture and rifle is in the Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott, Arizona.

Can anyone recall reading a story about Wallace Bennett with an Oatman, Arizona locale? Any information about him will be appreciated.—Marvin E. Bennett, Box 356, Mayer, Arizona 86333

D TO UNZ
RODUCTION

There's Still Gold in Oregon

Continued from page 53)

dust for our needs. This wasn't unusual for anyone to do in those days.

There were always a few miners who were permitted to camp on our place. There was good water and it was convenient. For a few hours of fence work or cutting wood, my father would give them butter and eggs or vegetables from our garden. It was a happy arrangement. He learned a lot of labor-saving tricks from them such as how much water to run over a properly built sluicebox or the best way to use mercury to recover fine gold from black sand.

I was always standing around with my mouth open, listening to all these wonders and avidly soaking up all the stories and fantastic adventures, not all of which were fact. There were tales of lost mines, claim jumping, murders, past experiences and how a jackpot of nuggets could often be found in a little pothole no larger than a washtub.

There was one story about Indians who had been seen wearing beautiful chunks of yellow metal in the ornaments about their necks. One of the most persistent stories concerned a lost Spanish gold mine. If this mine does actually exist, it can be no farther than a mile or so from my place.

The first thing that gave any evidence that the Spanish had been in this area was the discovery of some buttons and buckles from Spanish military uniforms. These were among the possessions in an Indian grave located only a short distance from my place, which for hundreds of years was an Indian encampment.

Tales were handed down from elders in the local Indian tribes about white men who had come riding strange animals larger than elk; men who wore long shiny knives. They had tortured some of the Indians to find the origin of the gold nuggets worn in their ornaments. They then dug a hole in the bank of the river, from which they carried loads on their animals.

Not too much attention was paid to these stories because it was thought they had originated among the Indians on the northern California coast where it was known that Spaniards had been. Anyway, why bother about a mythical mine when plenty of gold could be had along the Rogue River and up the Illinois?

When the Spanish artifacts were found years later, there was sudden activity among treasure seekers. The search centered around the old Indian encampment, because the old legend began to make sense.

If there was one thing the Spanish were famous for, it was the savage persistence with which they pursued any trace of gold. This was borne out by the history of cruel persecution of the natives of Central and South America and those territories now embraced by New Mexico, Arizona and Mexico. With their ships, horses and armor, their weapons and efficient military tactics, the Spanish exacted a terrible toll among a people whose primary use of the precious metal was to make things of lasting beauty.

With these facts in mind, men combed this vicinity with painstaking care, but no trace of a mine was ever found. They did find where some hand-forged bronze spikes had been driven in a cliff wall in order to reach a quartz outcropping on the river's bank. One might ask, what happened to the mine? Did the Spanish purposely close it expecting to return later? Was it closed by a slide? Perhaps. Due to the peculiar geological formation of this part of the country, slides are common.

ACCORDING to geologists, when the great glaciers extended down over North America, one arm melted and dropped its load of extraneous material on top of the natural rock formations of igneous and sedimentary composition. All of this loose material sometimes causes an entire mountainside to slide, carrying everything before it. I am now certain that this is what happened to two contemporary miners who were thought to have a prospect hole up one of the creeks of the lower Illinois.

Only one at a time would go to town for supplies. They would pay for their goods with highgrade, which is raw gold picked out of high grade ore.

Their powder, drill bits and food would be packed on a donkey and then one or the other partner would head back up the Rogue River trail. Curious people would often try to get them to talk, but they were noncommittal. Those who tried to follow would lose them as soon as they left the well-beaten trail. Eventually they no longer came to town. Later, a donkey that was said to be theirs was found.

I'm not one of those wild-eyed amateurs who have been bitten by the gold bug and the present high price of gold. With my pension and my few needs, my garden and my snug cabin, I have all I need. I do, however, have a very large curiosity. I often pack my saddlebags with a few necessities, take a pistol and a piece of fishline, and take off on one of my exploring trips. A neighbor looks after my place while I'm gone. I often do the same for him. It isn't that I need anything in particular. I guess it's just the spirit of adventure that prompts me to go poking about. I'm a healthy old critter in his sixties who likes to do something different occasionally. This is the kind of life I enjoy.

On one trip I was riding across a small prairie on the lower west side of Bald Mountain when some grouse that had been feeding in the tall grass, flew up and lit in some saplings on the edge of the timber. Dismounting, I took my pistol and walked slowly toward where the birds were roosting. They merely sat and watched me. I'm not the best of shots, but I couldn't help hitting one of them.

When I stooped to pick up my dinner, I saw a blaze on a small fir. It was quite old and partly grown over. Then into the timber a little way, I noticed a large log that had been chopped through. No one is going to go to the trouble of chopping a log out of the trail unless he has a pack animal or horse. There was only one thing to do. I had to

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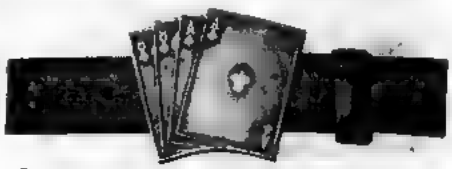

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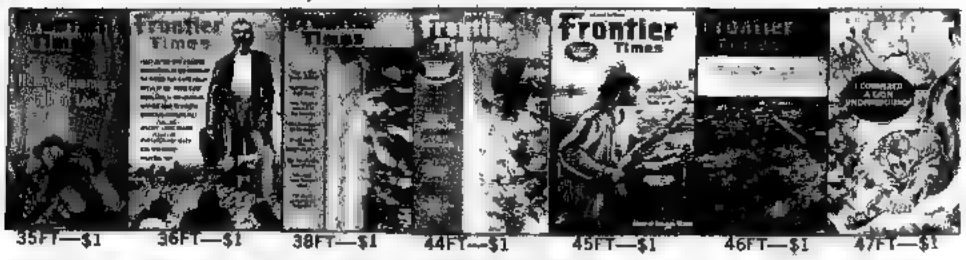

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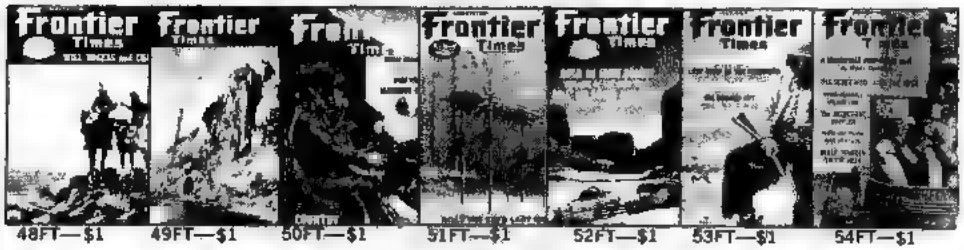

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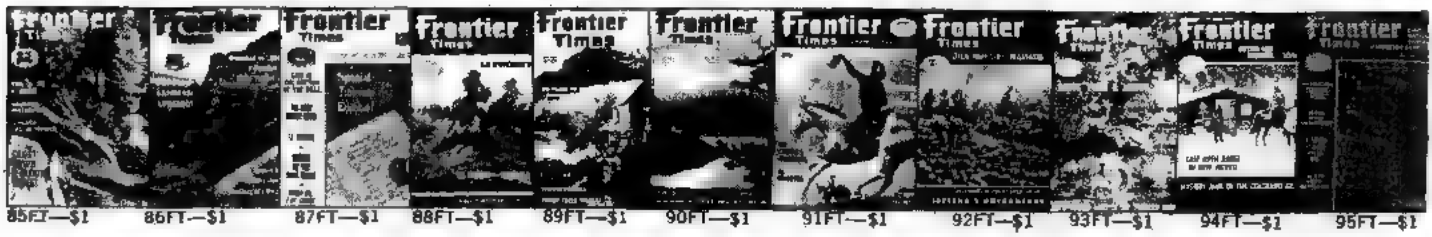

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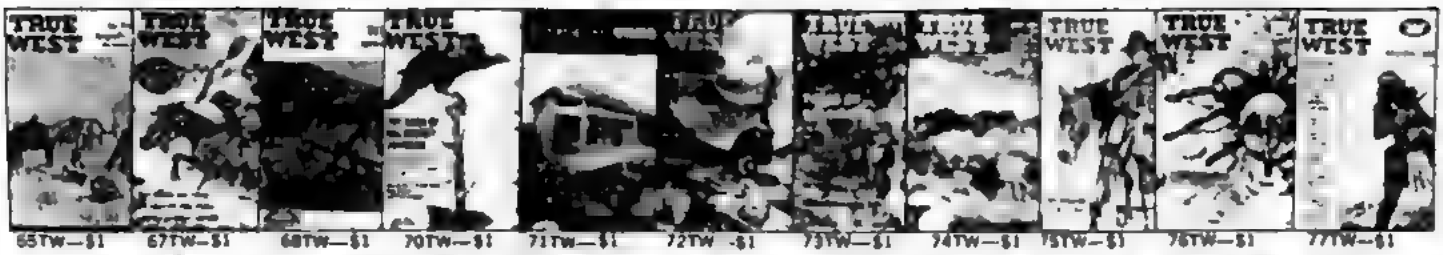

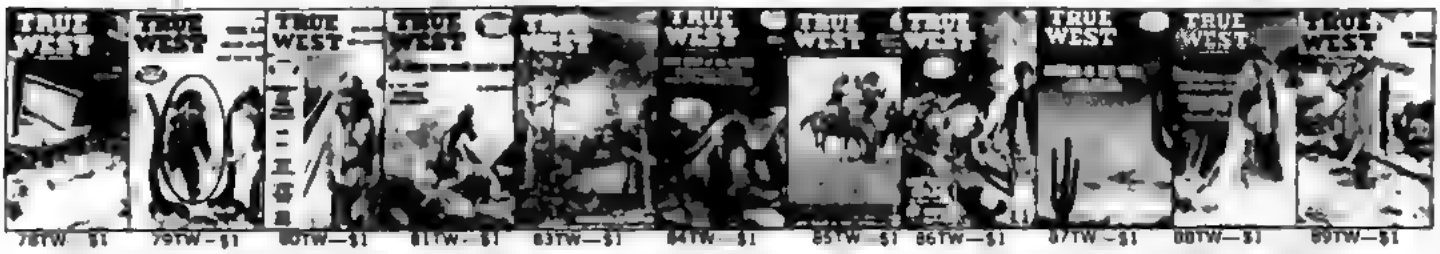

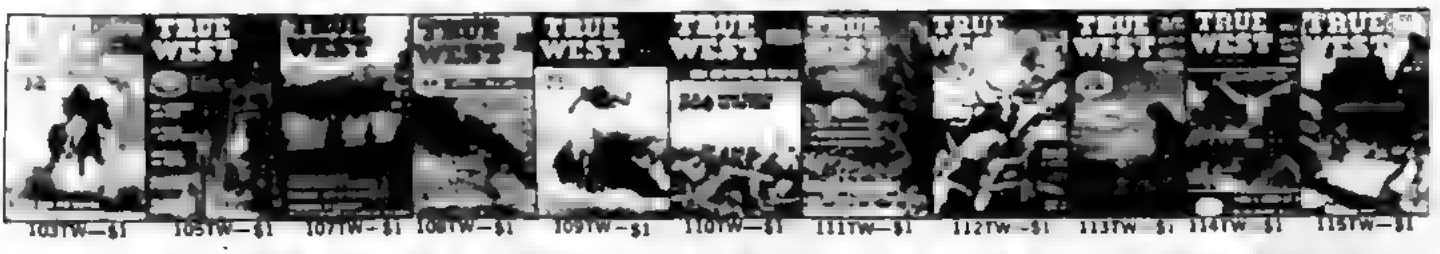

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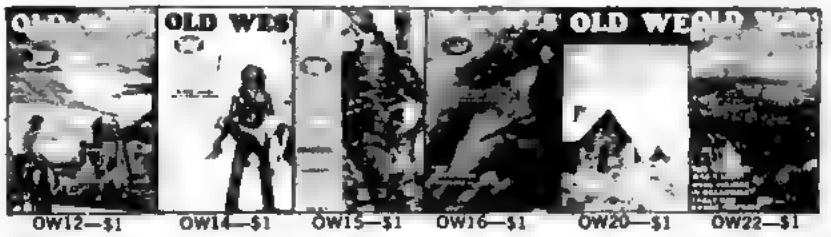

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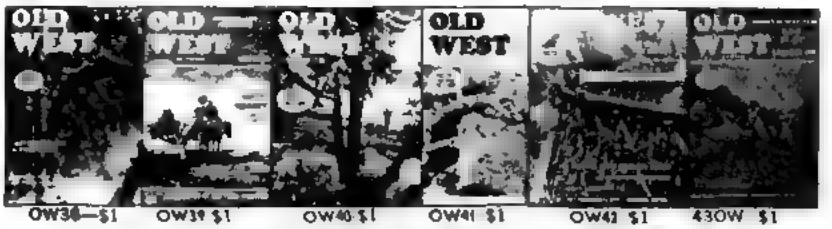

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see where that trail led!

I went back and removed my horse's bridle and loosened his saddle. I knew he wouldn't leave the good grass before I returned. As I went back over the trail, I noticed where other logs had been cleared from the trail although I had to climb over quite a few recently fallen trees. The trail seemed to be well used by deer going up to the prairie to feed.

I had gone down the trail about a mile before it dropped suddenly into a creek bottom and then turned to follow along the bank and up a gradual incline to a high bench at the foot of an escarpment that towered into timber high above. My attention was drawn to the rubble through which I was walking. It was composed of serpentine and other igneous rock that was mixed with quantities of soft quartz. I felt a sudden thrill. This was the kind of formation in which gold was often found!

AS the trail led through the firs, I noticed where many had been cut and only the tops left to decay. I had only gone a short distance when I came up against a massive slide that blocked the whole bench with a mass of rocks and splintered timbers. It had poured down over the escarpment like a waterfall. I know now, without a doubt, that underneath that slide, in their tunnel or in their cabin, the two partners who had quit coming into town, lay forever with their gold. Their donkey, later observed grazing on the bench, was the only survivor.

That night as I sat by my campfire watching a grouse brown slowly over the coals, I pondered the fate of other miners who had been caught in cave-ins, had died sick and alone in their diggings, or had fallen to their deaths while searching these cliffs for the elusive gold. Was it worth it? I'd say it was. This was the kind of life that these men had chosen. It was the way, more or less, that they expected to go. With their boots on!

I am reminded of an old miner and prospector I met years ago when I was a "smoke chaser" miles back in the sticks. This old gent had been in on the Klondike gold rush as a young man, and the nickname Klondike had stuck. He would show up at my patrol cabin a couple of times during the summer with an empty pack. I had been instructed by the district ranger to give him anything he needed. It wasn't exactly a gift. When there were fires in the area, he generally showed up and made himself useful.

I always enjoyed his visits. Aside from his interesting conversation, he always insisted on doing all of the cooking. I was plenty glad to let him do it, as he really knew how. He would stick around for a few days and wash his clothing and have me trim his mane of snow-white hair and beard. One day, when he was packing up to take off, I asked him, "Klondike, what would happen if you fell and busted a leg while you're out chasing around?" He looked at me and then drowned a grasshopper with a well-aimed squirt of tobacco juice. "Well, son," he

said, "you'll be out on a 'smoke' one of these days and you'll smell a big stink and it'll be me."

This is the philosophy of the breed, and as long as there is any of that yellow stuff in the hills, there will always be fellows like him out there looking for it.

The Mystery of Pranty Wash

(Continued from page 19)

pecting trips in the Sierra Anchas every once in awhile and be gone a week or two. Then nearly every year he would go into Globe and serve on the jury.

My brother asked if he ever talked about his family. "No sir, he never did mention no kinfolk or where he came from. And," Carrel added, "you never asked questions of folks in them days."

My brother ventured the thought that it wasn't always a good idea to start hunting ancestors. "A fellow could find a horse thief, as they say."

"Hell, half of them that came out to this country in the early days left Texas for it. They was looking behind when they came out of Texas to see if they could see any dust!"

HE SAID the last time they saw Fred Pranty was either the 8th or 9th of May in 1924. He brought the burros down and put them in their pasture, had supper with them and said he was going on a prospecting trip. He figured he'd be gone a week or ten days.

That was the last anybody saw of Fred Pranty. He didn't come by the ranch and they inquired around but no one had seen him, then along in June they were running some cattle near the cabin and they went and looked around to see if they could see any sign of him. They broke the lock on the door and went in, but there was no indication anyone had been there for some time.

A big, old silver railroad watch and about two dollars in change lay on the table and Uncle Fred's rifle was hanging on the wall. Carrel said he went up to the mine and looked around inside but saw no trace of him. Carrel said they got a new lock and went back up and put it on the door, but the next time they went back, the cabin had been broken into and a lot of things had been stolen so he went into Payson and asked the justice of the peace if he should bring the rest of Pranty's things down for safekeeping. The justice thought he should so Carrel went back and got what was left.

"There wasn't much of value, a few tools and such." Then he chuckled, "Folks don't steal things to work with, you know."

Old Man Pranty's disappearance was the talk of the community for a long time, but no one ever saw him again. Then along in the early '40s Dude Greer, following a show of gold above the Old Military Trail, found part of a skeleton —a skull and a leg bone or so. A .380 automatic and a miner's pick lay close by. The skull had one bullet hole in it and the gun had one shot fired. Dude took it all down to the justice of the peace who called a Coroner's Jury.

Carrel said they called him and asked him to serve on the jury and wanted to know if he could identify the pick as Fred Pranty's. He said yes, took a hammer that belonged to Pranty, and went into Payson.

"The pick had three dots on it made with a center punch, just like the hammer, and I identified his gun. 'Course I didn't have a serial number, but it was a .380 automatic like he'd owned.

"We decided it was Fred Pranty all right and that he must have shot himself. Some thought he might have broken a leg or was snake bit, but hell, he'd been around snakes all his life. If he'd been bit, he'd have slashed the spot with his knife, sucked out the poison and gone on up the mountain. No, I always did think he had a stroke and just shot himself.

"Well, sir, they took them bones up to the jail house in a gunny sack, threw 'em on a shelf and forgot about 'em. It wasn't 'til sometime after Hal Greer got elected justice of the peace that he got to nosing around and found they had an unauthorized "inmate" in the jail and took the bones down to the Old Payson Cemetery and buried them."

So there lies our Uncle Fred, someplace in the Old Payson Cemetery in an unmarked grave, putting an unconventional end to an unusual life. Here was a man who, as a youth, strayed, then in old age got himself lost and finally found, only to be misplaced and forgotten.

We think he should be remembered and perhaps even celebrated, not only because he was one of our early Western pioneers, but because he likely is the only man in history to spend upwards of ten years in jail for committing suicide. He must have been a model prisoner, certainly made no complaints, gave them not one whit of trouble, or even put them to any expense, yet they never gave him even one day off for good behavior!

Bill Hickok's Friends

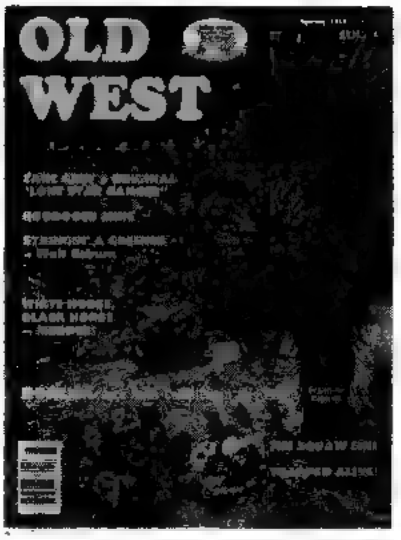
(Continued from page 15)

him, "Charley said if you went into an Indian camp and watched your saddlebags very closely, were very secretive about what was in them, the Indians would open them up and steal everything. But if you paid no attention, just threw them in a corner, they left them alone."

Family legend credits Charley's skill with Indian medicine as his undoing. He decided to go to Panama during the building of the Canal. He thought he could help out, with his herbs and Indian medicines, with the Yellow Fever epidemic. While there, his family heard that he married a "well-born" Mexican woman, and later contracted Yellow Fever and died. (A former marriage, to Matilda Nash, had ended in 1875.)

"My grandmother lived in Auburn, New York, then," Earl said. "Before Uncle Charley went to Panama, he visited her. He told her of his scouting days with the army, and how his job was to get buffalo meat. He brought Grandmother some furniture made with buffalo horns."

(Continued on page 61)



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STEAMBOATING ON THE UPPER MISSOURI

It was in 1819 that the first steamboat entered the waters of the Missouri River. One hundred and seventeen years later, in 1936, the last commercial navigation company on the Upper Missouri (from the mouth of the Big Sioux northward) went out of business. In this age of jets and rockets, steamboating holds a greater romance than ever. The colorful and long vanished age of steamboating comes alive in William E. Lass' *A History of Steamboating on the Upper Missouri River* (University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, Nebraska 98588, $15.95 hardcover). The book, first published in 1962 and long out of print, is again available. It traces the development of steamboating on the Upper Missouri. In eleven chapters the author first looks at the Missouri River, the longest waterway in North America (2,945 miles). He then details how steamboating was extended from St. Louis to Fort Benton and how navigation was extended on up the river. This work was the first complete study of steamboating on the Upper Missouri. It is well-documented. And it follows the life of steamboating there until its death in 1936. The book includes a good bibliography and index. Highly recommended.

ANTIQUE AMERICAN FIREARMS

Have you ever wondered about the history of that old Kentucky rifle handed down in the family? Or what about the value of that rusty old revolver in the attic? Norman Flayderman's *Guide to Antique American Firearms . . . And Their Values* (Follett Publishing Co., 1010 West Washington Blvd., Chicago, Illinois 60607, $20.95) is a giant handbook—576 pages—for the gun collector and student of gun history. More than 3,000 models and variants of antique American firearms including pistols, revolvers and rifles are detailed in this book. Percussion and flintlock rifles, pepperboxes, underhammer pistols and countless other firearms are not only described but illustrated. The book contains more than 1,300 photographs. In addition, the author—a well-known authority on antique firearms—provides historical information on the makers of the weapons plus dollar values. He tells the reader how to assess their values. It's truly a remarkable book not only for the gun collector but for the person interested in learning more about the history of American firearms from the Revolutionary period to early in this century. Recommended.

X-RATED TITLE

Edgar R. Potter's latest book, *Whoa . . . Yuh Sonsabitches* (Griggs Printing and Publishing, Box 1351, Havre, Montana 59501, $5.95 paper wrappers) has a title that sounds rough and tough, but the book is a warm story reflecting the true flavor of the typical Montana cattle rancher back through the years. This 304-page book is the story of how the typical cattle rancher in Montana lived, worked and played. It's told by Edgar "Frosty" Potter, who tells how it was to run a Montana cow farm with about 500 critters. For anyone who has ever lived on a cattle ranch—big or small—this book will bring back memories of long hours in the saddle, of cold winter nights and hot summer days and the countless little things that could and did happen to the small rancher trying to make ends meet. Potter, born in 1895, tells a good story with appropriate cowboy slang that brings the book to life. Illustrations by Stan McEntire add much to this delightful book. Recommended.

ABE LINCOLN'S WHISKERS

Nearly everyone has heard the story of how Grace Bedell, the little girl from Westfield, New York, wrote Abraham Lincoln in 1860 and asked him to wear whiskers. Lincoln took the girl's advice and changed the face of history. The warm and delightful story of Grace Bedell and Abraham Lincoln is detailed in Fred Trump's new book *Lincoln's Little Girl* (Heritage Books, 543 Aullwood Road, Salina, Kansas 67401, $7.50 plus 50¢ postage). But Trump's book contains more than just the Lincoln story. It is the story of Grace Bedell's life. Trump details what happened after the girl wrote Lincoln and how, just before he became President, he stopped in Westfield, New York, to meet the little girl. But the author then tells what happened to Grace Bedell. She married George Billings in 1867. He followed Horace Greeley's advice and came West, first to Colorado and then to Abilene, Kansas. Grace came to Kansas and joined her husband on a 160-acre homestead at Delphos, about 1870. After struggling for nine years to make a living, Grace's husband went into banking. Trump tells of Grace's death in 1936 at Delphos. He also describes how Lincoln's letter to Grace was discovered in 1964 following the death of Grace's only child. The letter sold at auction for $20,000 in 1966. The author, a native of Westfield, New York, is with the U. S. Department of Agriculture Soil Conservation Service as Information Officer for Kansas.

ANOTHER DODGE CITY BOOK

The latest in what seems to be a sudden publishing craze for books and articles on Dodge City, Kansas, is Odie B. Faulk's *Dodge City: The Most Western Town of All* (Oxford University Press, New York City, $9.95). Unfortunately Faulk's book contains little material that is fresh. Even the author's writing—described by the publisher as "a happy blend of the excitement of Western fiction and historical accuracy"—leaves much to be desired. Faulk seems to attempt—much like the dime novel writers of years gone by—to make Dodge City something more than what it really was and its residents more colorful than those persons living in many other Western towns. This attempt is boldly in evidence in the book's sub-title—The Most Western Town of All. This claim, not documented in the book, will undoubtedly be disputed by residents of at least a dozen other communities west of the Missouri. But the book does round up a representative collection of historic Dodge City photographs. There are eight chapters plus notes, bibliography and index.

WHEELS WEST

Wheels West (Rand McNally & Co., Box 7600, Chicago, Ill. 60680 $16.95) is Richard Dunlop's latest book on the West. Dunlop, a well-known author of books concerned with Western Americana, traveled throughout the West and as far as Spain for material to include in this book. It details the use of wheeled vehicles from 1590, when the Spaniards brought carretas from Old Mexico northward into what is today the American Southwest, until the arrival of the railroads and the closing of the frontier late in the 18th century. Dunlop, a former Washington correspondent for *Newsweek* magazine, has included more than 200 photographs and illustrations—many in color—in this book. He recounts the story of *Wheels West* in nine chapters and includes a helpful bibliography and good index. The book's foreword is written by Ray A. Billington, the well-known Western historian, who observes that Dunlop's book "is more than a descriptive catalogue of Western transportation." Billington points out that Dunlop "has combed hundreds of government reports, overland diaries, journals, and reminiscences—some of them unpublished—to view Western travel as the travelers saw it." The book does provide this fresh perspective to one aspect of the area's exploration and settlement. It's a must for students of Western history. Highly recommended.

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Bill Hickok's Friends

(Continued from page 59)

Earl added, "In a letter he wrote to her he said he was against Wild Bill going into that place [No. 10 Saloon] to play cards."

WHEN Charley Utter and Wild Bill Hickok went into "that place" on August 2, 1876, another good friend was there also, the man who was to deal Bill what has ever after been known in poker as "dead man's hand"—a pair of aces and a pair of eights. The dealer was Charley Rich.

Charley was an Ohioan, one of twins, the other twin dying at birth. Mrs. Mabel Rich Bourgeois, Charley's daughter, who also lives in Columbus, Ohio, explained, "Pop was the oldest of thirteen children. He went out West at sixteen, to find work. His brother Will wanted to be a doctor, and Pop was going to work to put him through school.

"Uncle Will married a woman, had two boys—those boys would later be a City Councilman and a Congressman—but with the third baby, she died of complications. Uncle Will gave up on medical school, his wife's death was too great a sorrow.

"But Pop just stayed out West anyway, and went to work on the 'plains,' as he called them. He never did come back to Ohio until after Wild Bill was killed. Then he married my mother. She was part Cherokee, also a twin, and she had dark hair, high cheekbones, and was a domineering-type woman."

Mabel continued, "Pop told us Wild Bill was a fine man. He talked about Buffalo Bill, too, and Charley Utter, and lots of others. My dad never owned a gun in his life. I don't even know if he knew how to shoot a gun.

"He was a very quiet man. He never scolded me, never whipped me. Mom did that. I remember one time he worked for seven years, seven days a week, and never lost a day's work."

Mabel shook her head. "My mother was never interested in his past, never asked him about it. But he loved the West, even if he didn't talk too much about it. I remember him talking about Wild Bill's killing many times, though. I guess it stuck with him."

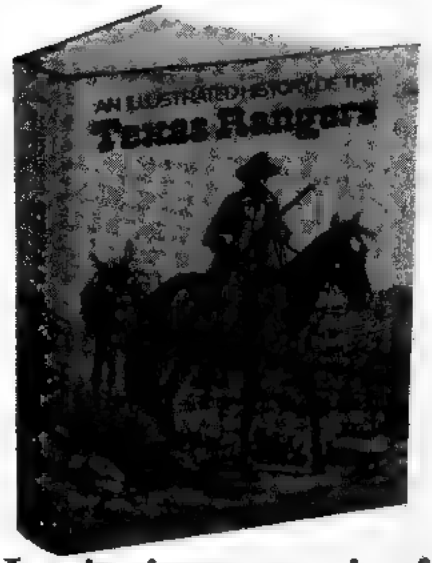
Mabel remembers that he talked of prospecting for gold, "but he never got any that I know of," she said. "We were always poor, even though Pop was a good worker."

Their home was in Loveland, Ohio, and since none of the people around them played cards, Mabel does not remember his ever playing. "But I remember he liked to play the violin for square dancing."

Mabel added, "After Joe and I were married, Pop lived with us for awhile. He loved to read, was easy to live with, he was so quiet."

Joe Bourgeois spoke up, "Quiet! He was the quietest man you ever met. It was hard to believe he was out in the Wild West, around all those tough guys, and was so quiet."

Joe laughed as he recalled, "Her dad said so little, one of our boys decided to



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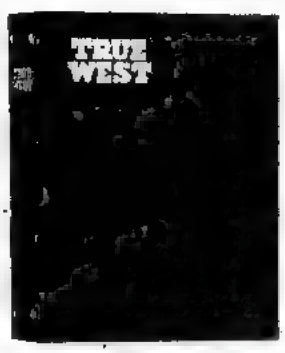

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set fire to his newspaper to see what he would do. He didn't do anything to the boy, he never scolded him, or said anything about it! He just went 'Hmpf!', put out the fire, and went back to reading!"

Dean Earl, Charley Utter's great-nephew.

The only Western souvenir Charley Rich brought back was a brown derby, "like the one he's wearing on the wax figure in the tableau, 'Saloon No. 10, Ghost of Deadwood Gulch,' at the museum in Deadwood," said Mabel.

Quiet, but determined, is how Mabel remembers him best. "Once he made up his mind, you couldn't change it."

Why was he so quiet? Perhaps he never could forget he was the one who had dealt Wild Bill Hickok his last poker hand.

Charley Smith Still Wears His Six-gun

(Continued from page 21)

up, and lodged against the skin on the other side. Jim was down but partially hidden by brush.

Charley was squatting, looking through the brush trying for another shot, when Jim rose to a sitting position, fired one last shot, and fell back down. His shot struck Charley just below the knee, ranging up through the fleshy part of the leg and entering his breast.

CHARLEY knew that he was seriously wounded. He also knew the outlaw was hit and appeared to be dead. He told the still-conscious DeSpain to cover the outlaw while he walked to the station house for help. On his way he met the Mexican section hands who assisted him.

Just at this time, the section boss, R. T. Talbot, went running with his gun drawn, up to the helpless desperado and ordered him to throw his gun away. California Jim did so, then Talbot took the gun from the Mexican who had picked it up, and struck Jim a severe blow across the back of the head, inflicting an ugly gash. Since the outlaw was literally dying at the time, this brutal and cowardly act enraged one or two of the Mexicans and almost started another gunfight.

The three wounded men were carried to the station house where a hand trolley was improvised to carry them a short distance down the tracks to the section house so they would be more comfortable. Sheriff Tompkins, Pierce Johnston, James Buck, Frank Earnest and other friends of Smith and DeSpain soon arrived to care for them. Drs. Porter and Hargus of Cotulla were sent for, and they dressed the wounds.

California Jim lingered in great agony until three o'clock in the morning and was game to the last. No pain seemed to move him. He told Charley that he was sorry he had shot him for he was a brave man, but that he never intended to be caught and would have killed anybody who came on him. He gave Charley his six-shooter which was a Colt .45 with a 7-inch barrel and 17 notches cut on the walnut grips. Jim said that if Charley should die he wished another notch would be cut on the gun.

Jim stated that his real name was John Henry Hankins, and that he had a brother living in Neosho, Missouri. He also said that there was a reward of a thousand dollars offered for his capture in Arizona, and that he was wanted in New Mexico. Two or three times he attempted to make a full confession to Sheriff Tompkins, but was so weak that he could not talk.

When told he was dying, Jim said, "That's all right. I'm just sorry I didn't kill the damned old coward who struck me when I was down and helpless." During the night he often spoke tenderly of "Molly." The last words he said were, "Well, Molly, it's all over now." The next morning Jim was buried in a plain pine box under a mesquite tree near the Cibolo Station.

Charley Smith, under the care of Drs. Porter and Carothers, was taken by train to Santa Rosa Hospital in San Antonio where he died three days later. The following is his obituary as it appeared on the front page of the San Antonio *Express*, June 25, 1882:

Death of Charles S. Smith

"At 12:20 o'clock last night, Charles S. Smith, the young man who was wounded in the fight with California Jim, breathed his last at the Santa Rosa Hospital in this city. The Mother Superior and the Sisters were the only ones present when poor Charley died. Capt. Oglesby to whose Company he was attached arrived a few moments after death. Charley was born in Fayette Co., Texas, and his parents are now living at Pin Oak post office in said county. He joined Capt. Oglesby's Company in October 1880, and remained with the Rangers for about two years. And in the words of Capt. Oglesby no better or braver boy ever lived.

"The young man's remains will be interred today, and Capt. Oglesby will follow remains to the grave."

CAPTAIN OGLESBY and another Ranger took the body by train to Flatonia, in Fayette County, and then by wagon to the Smith family cemetery. When Charley's folks viewed his body in the casket, Charley was wearing his six-gun, and his Winchester and hat lay beside him. His mother and sisters protested that they didn't want Charley buried that way. But Captain Oglesby intervened and explained to them that this was the way Rangers were buried, and he thought that this was the way Charley would want to be buried. So it came about that Charley Smith was buried with full Ranger honors, including a salute fired over his grave.

Charley's horse, Old Taylor, and his other horses and camp equipment were brought to the Smith family home. Taylor lived to be quite an old horse.

In October of 1882 John DeSpain put up $300 bond and was appointed temporary administrator for the estate of Charles Smith. This was obviously done in order to receive the rewards offered for California Jim. It isn't known whether this was the seventeen-year-old John Wesley DeSpain or his father, or whether they received the reward money, as the court records are incomplete. It is known, however, that the Smith family never received it.

John Wesley DeSpain survived his wound but was years in recovering. Even after the physical wounds had healed, the mental ones stayed with him. He reportedly went mad in 1890 and was committed to an asylum where he died at about forty years of age.

The six-gun that killed Charley Smith never had the 18th notch cut in the grips. It was given to Charley's brother Edwin who gambled it away.

In the 1930s Charley's brother Marion left $500 in his will for gravestones to be erected and a fence put around the Smith family cemetery. (This is the reason for the wrong date on Charley's tombstone.)

Today a farm road runs through where the Smith home once stood. The cemetery stands off the road a few miles, neglected and overgrown with brush and weeds. Although large trees grow all around it, none will grow inside. Charley Smith still wears his six-gun, and his Winchester and hat lay beside him.

The Price Was a Bottle

(Continued from page 25)

dark he made out the figure of this young girl, so he asked her if she would like to go indoors. Seeing that she was timid he took her by the arm and led her in, telling her he would take care of her.

This was a different world, music was playing and everyone seemed to be having a good time. Cowboy Joe said, "I kept thinking of the cold reception I had received at the two 'Houses of God' and of the warm greeting I received at the 'Devil's Palace'."

This young man (who said his name was Bob) bought a hot drink which seemed to warm her and at the same time gave the surroundings a rosy glow. By the time she had sampled two more drinks, she felt she had known her companion forever. It was getting late, so he suggested he take her home, only to find she did not have one. He then suggested she accompany him to his home, which was a sheep camp ten miles back in the hills. They rode all night and just as the sun was coming up they arrived at camp. It was in beautiful coun-

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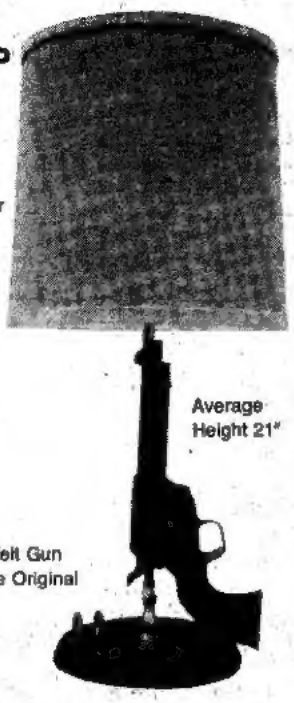

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try. Wherever she looked it was green, and had all varieties of wild flowers.

The tent was comfortable, and she learned to cook and keep their tent-home in first-class shape. She often went with Bob to tend the sheep in the daytime. This brief period in her life was a happy one.

About a month later she was standing in the tent-doorway when a man drove up in a buckboard. He was hungry so she prepared a meal for him. In turn he offered her a drink from a demijohn he brought from the buckboard. It was a generous drink. He told her he was on his way to Utah to work on a cattle ranch. She thought of the bottle of whiskey and when he suggested she leave with him she grabbed her carpet bag and climbed aboard the wagon. She left a short note telling Bob she was leaving for Utah, and she thanked him for his hospitality.

When they arrived at the ranch all Cowboy Joe knew of her situation was the man's first name, which was Sam. She soon found he was thoughtful of her. He bought her a side-saddle, a riding habit, and a fine mare. She rode the range with him and became an excellent rider. This episode in her life lasted for four years. In fact they planned to marry whenever a preacher came through their country.

ONE DAY Sam's boss came by and offered him a job as foreman of a new spread the rancher had bought in Wyoming. Sam accepted the job and left the next morning, leaving money for Amanda to join him in a month.

She was helping round up some steers that were to be driven to the new ranch when she saw a dust trail in the distance. As it came closer she could make out a well-dressed man riding a beautiful sorrel mare and leading a packhorse.

Bill told her later he was pleasantly surprised to find the head rider was a girl with beautiful red hair. He said he had been impressed with the ease she sat her horse and the way she seemed to be having a great time, herding and pushing the cattle.

Since it was almost chow-time, she invited him to ride into camp with her. He had a jug tied to his saddle and, taking the cork from it, offered her a drink. He told her he was tired of the life he had been leading and was heading for the gold fields of Idaho. By the time dinner was over Amanda had decided to leave with him, and when he playfully suggested she do so she packed her bag, caught up her horse and headed for a new adventure and a new name: Cowboy Joe.

It took them two weeks to get to Challis. After staying all night, they went over the hill to Custer. There he rented her a shack and went to work at the mill, arranging for their meals at the boarding-house. She was lonely again and, with lots of time on her hands, she started to drift into the saloons, soon spending most of her time there.

"Water was scarce and whiskey was plentiful and the miners were generous with their drinks," she explained to Della.

Cowboy Joe went on a prolonged drunk. When she sobered up, Bill was gone, taking her horse but leaving her the saddle. She never heard from him again.

She had been friendly with Pete Alberts and in 1886 she married him, living with him in different places, mainly on Loon Creek, where he had a cabin and a claim. She lived with him on and off for the next twenty years.

Joe had a habit of getting dry and heading down the trail. For the first few years Pete would patiently follow her and bring her back. Eventually he tired of this.

She had also found another release from reality—morphine. As this habit grew, she was unable to stay on Loon Creek, so she moved to Bonanza.

The last permanent home she had was with Captain Varney. When he died she wandered into Clayton, a lost soul heading for Challis and the poorhouse.

Someone put her on the stage for Blackfoot and the asylum to cure her habit. The asylum released her as cured, but Cowboy Joe remarked, "It is hard to support a habit with no money."

She returned to Beardsley Hot Springs where the poorhouse was located, and went on the county. On November 21, 1923 she was found dead in her room.

The pauper patients were buried in pine boxes, and the only one available at the time was two sizes too small. The coroner forced Cowboy Joe's body into it anyway, and fastened the lid. He failed to tuck in all of her hair.

The lone buggy following the coffin to the grave was driven by Della McGown. She saw the lock of hair as the breeze caught it; and it seemed to her that Amanda—Cowboy Joe—was waving goodbye.

A Matter of Survival

(Continued from page 27)

"He had left his blankets but the wire was still around his boot. He made a small bend in the end and pulled one blanket over before he passed out.

"When Latton awoke he was suffering more from cramps in his stomach than from broken bones. Rawleigh's Liniment! Now where was the bottle? It was getting dark and he must find it while he could see.

"The bottle was under the bench. It took a long time to pull the cork with his teeth. Tipping the bottle against the leg of the bench, he took a long swallow. It burned but afforded some relief, and he slept.

"Friday night came but his family did not. He was glad because the danger of losing the trail in the billowing dust was great. Then, too, he could not be sure it was Friday. He'd become dazed and confused.

"Another week! Latton could not hold out that long. That he knew. But what was he to do? His eyes roamed about the walls. Not five feet from him, in a corner, was his rifle. Was it loaded? At first uncertain, he remembered. It was. He kept it loaded for coyotes. And occasionally a mountain lion drank at the tank; he had frequently seen its tracks.

"Latton began making his painful way toward the gun. With his good leg he got it beside him, with the stock beside his boot, but he couldn't pull the trigger. Well, this was it. Mercifully, he lost consciousness.

"On the eighth morning a cowboy rode in, saw the downed horse, the calves dead, and went to the house. Immediately he hitched a team to the wagon, put the feather bed in it, and a dish towel on the windmill. Within an hour, two men rode in to answer the distress signal.

"They used a door for a stretcher and hauled Latton to a doctor.

"Recover? Sure! Lived to be an old man."

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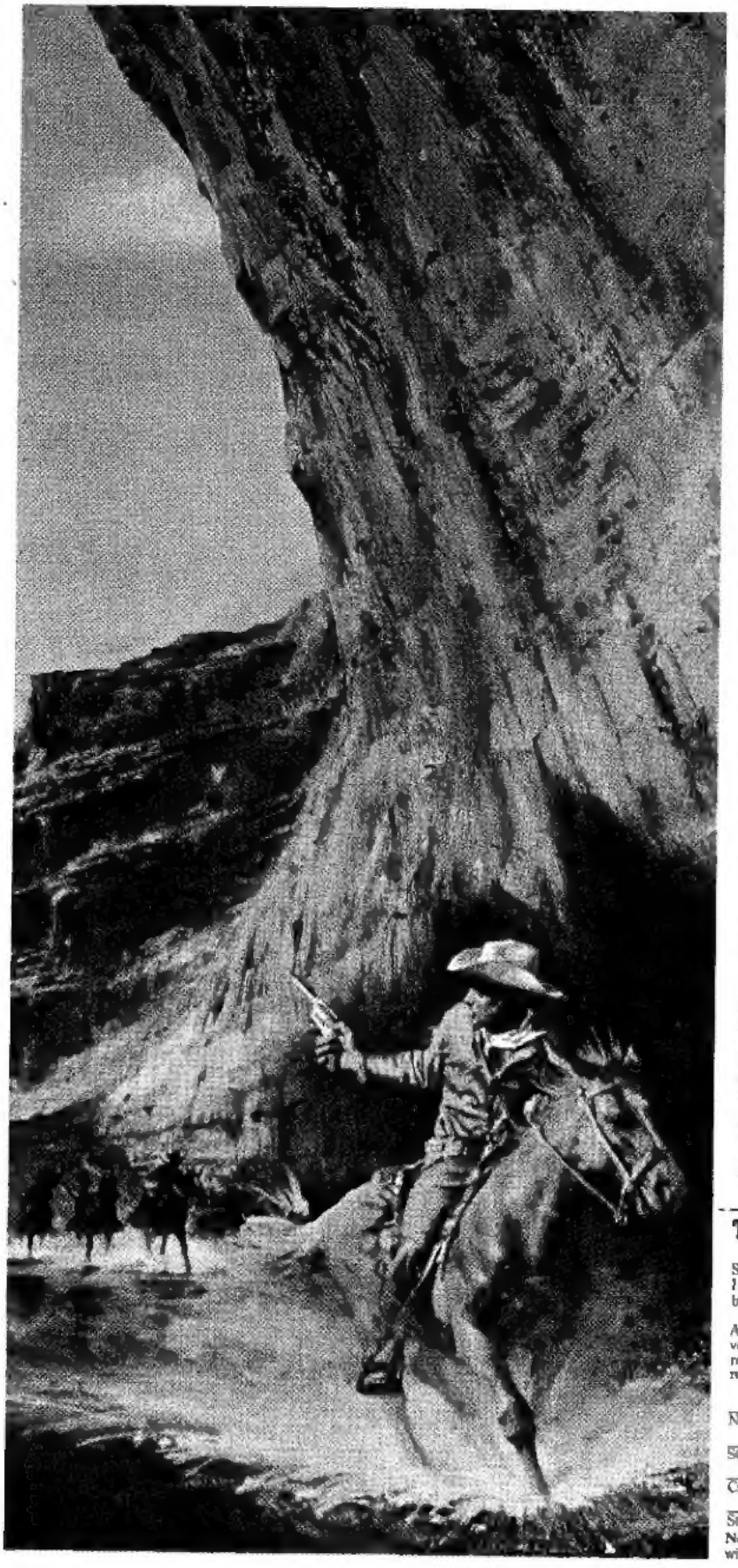

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